Ranger Rick's nature magazine

January 1976

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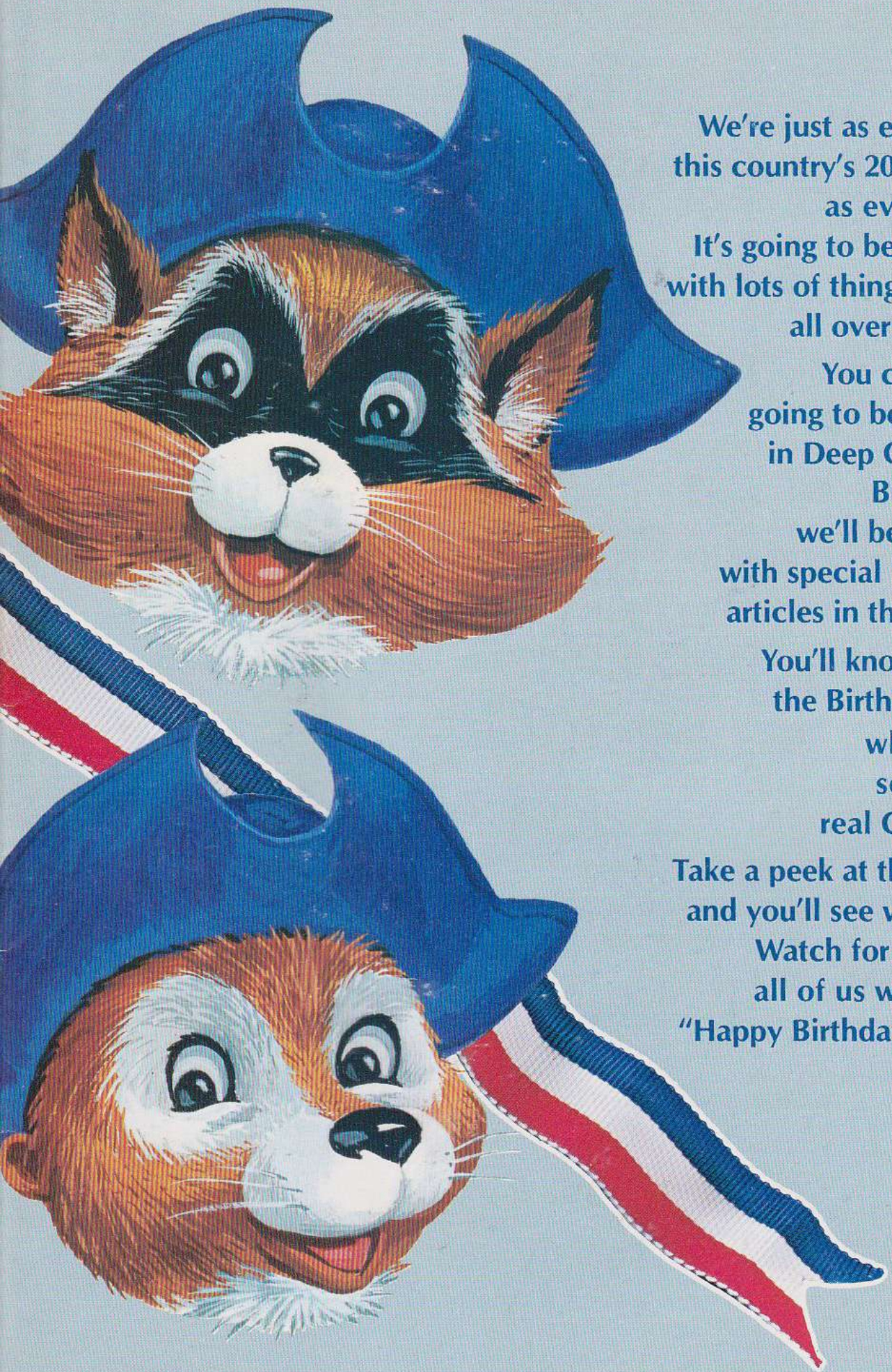
Page 2, 3: Drawing by Lorin Thompson



We're just as excited about this country's 200th birthday as everyone else! It's going to be a great year with lots of things happening all over the country.

You can bet we're going to be celebrating in Deep Green Wood. But best of all we'll be celebrating with special Bicentennial articles in the magazine!

You'll know which are the Birthday Specials whenever you see me in my real Colonial hat.

Take a peek at the next page and you'll see what I mean. Watch for me and join all of us while we say, "Happy Birthday, America!"

Ranger Rick

Growing up in Old New England

From Timothy Frost's Own Book

Story and Photos by Marc and Evelyne Bernheim

In 1752 Great-grandfather Ezekiel bought these hundred acres. What a difference between then and now! These New England hills were dense with forests. The soil was full of rocks. But Ezekiel cleared this farm and built a humble frame house.

After the Revolution, Ezekiel built our red clapboard farmhouse. We had a winter kitchen and a summer one, a buttery, a parlor and a sitting room. Under the stairs by the chimney, we had a smoke-room where we cured hams over hickory coals. Upstairs were the bedrooms, and all the way up under the sloping roof, the attic.

Ah! This was my secret world during the early 1800s! Here Mother stored pumpkins and spinning wheels. And here I sat, on Grandfather's trunk (which I imagined filled with treasures), reading *Gulliver's Travels* or whittling little sailboats with my penknife.

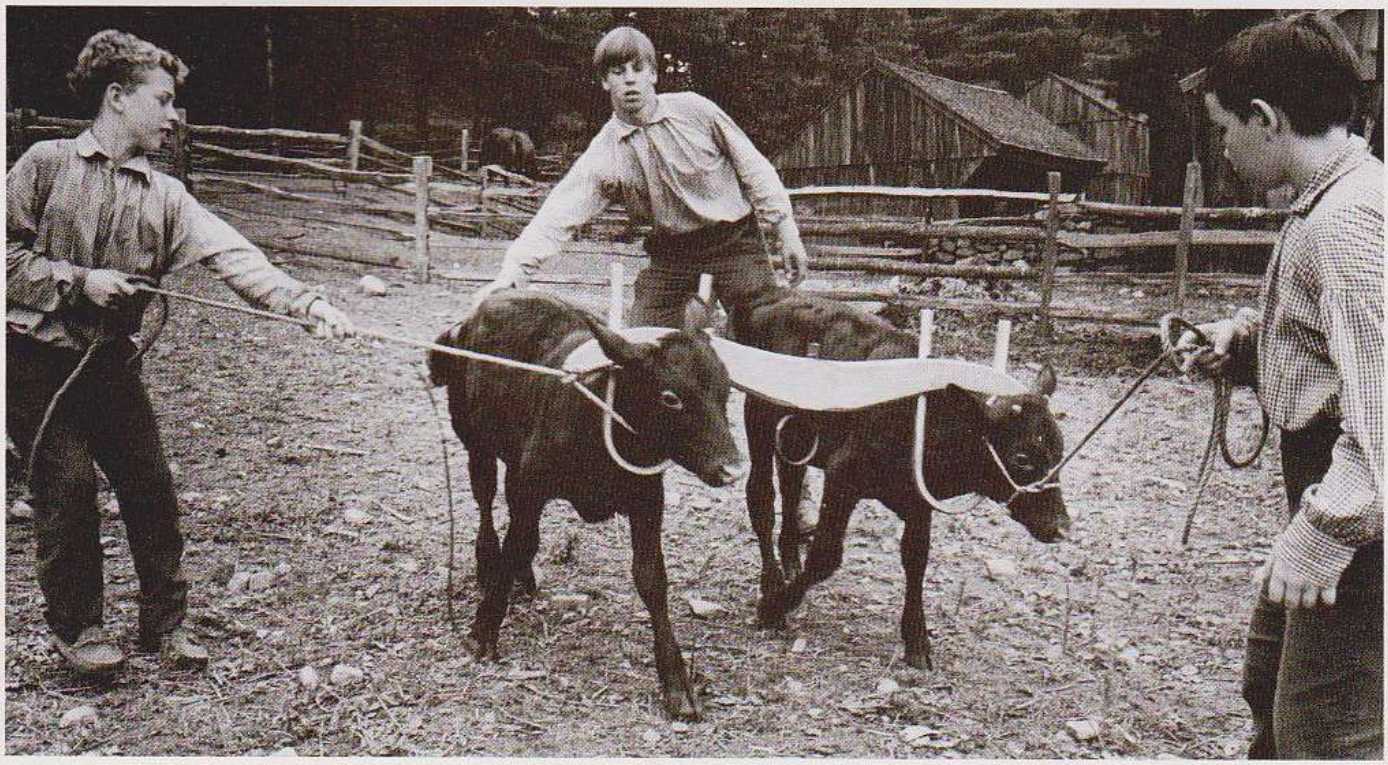
Farm Chores

Our farm was a modest one. On a dozen of our hundred acres, Father raised rye, barley, corn, potatoes and pumpkins—the crops that fed us.

We would rise well before the sun. My brothers and I had chores to do—milking the cows, letting them out, hauling in the water buckets. When these were finished we would join the girls at the long kitchen table. Then breakfast came—porridge, rye bread, hash and cider.

After breakfast, we helped father reap the barley, mow the oats, cut the hay or hoe the potatoes. All these chores were essential for the very survival of the farm's creatures—for if the hay were not cut, the oxen could not eat; if the corn failed, the swine could not be fattened for market; and if the potatoes were not hoed, all of us would go hungry in the wintertime.

Please turn the page



Helping Father hoe corn was a task I disliked—though I would never say so. Under his watchful eye, there was no time for leaning on the hoe, no time for resting in the shade or even listening to the flutter of corn silk tassels in the wind. No. We just hoed and hoed till the chore was done.

Making new fences by the river was more enjoyable. Before splitting logs, one of us helped father sharpen the axe on the grindstone. My brother turned and turned it till the sun was hot and high.

"Turn some more, son!" Father kept saying. "Just a little more."

"How much more?"

"Till your axe is razor sharp."

"How sharp is sharp enough?"

"When you can cut a piece of your own hair with it—see?"

Then we split logs for fence posts and bored holes in them.

"Put them higher!" my brother said, as we set the new fences in.

How high was high enough? We knew—high enough so the sheep won't jump over them, yet low enough so we can climb them without ripping our pantaloons.

It was my duty to break in our baby calves, Cain and Abel. As soon as they spotted me, they hopped to the fence, pushed their noses between the bars and licked my hand with their warm, rough tongues as I scratched around their sprouting horns.

I had helped Father make a small yoke of red cedar. Now a soft whip would teach the calves to behave just like big oxen. My brother and I worked to fit the yoke carefully to their necks. Cain grunted and snorted. Abel kept twisting and wiggling his head, looking with bewildered eyes at this strange, hard thing, pushing down his neck. I gave him a carrot to pacify him. When both calves had been yoked up at last, I tied a rope around their horn nubs.

"Giddap!" I shouted.

Cain pulled. Abel stepped forward. Cain

bellowed and pulled back. I gave him another carrot.

"Giddap!"

Now the yoke twisted Cain's head around and stopped him. The two stood on their spindly legs, wondering what was happening to them. We had to push them till they stood side by side.

"Giddap!" I cracked the whip but never once hit them.

"You can't train an animal if you hurt him." Father had taught me this years ago. "Or yell at him in anger!"

And so I trained them gently, a little at a time. When they became stubborn or impatient, I did my best to calm them.

Spin and Weave

My sisters' hands never slept in their pockets either. They made candles or churned butter or spun like spiders. Mehitabel, my oldest sister, always wound the yarn on the wooden niddy noddy.

Except for English and American factory-made cottons which mother purchased from the general store, our clothes were spun, woven, dyed and tailored at home. The dozen sheep we kept on the farm provided the fleece. We boys sheared them in the springtime and washed their wool. Then the girls took over.

All of my sisters could sew by the time they were five. By the time they were eight, they could spin and card.

After spinning the wool, the girls dyed it. The colors they obtained from our plants and nut hulls were dull tans, browns and yellows, but we could buy bright dyes at the store—rich blue indigo from the Carolinas or brilliant reds from Mexico.

In the early morning we boys built the fire outside. Over it we placed the great cauldrons in which my sisters boiled the plants and barks that gave us our colors. They dipped the long skeins of wool into the bubbling dye mixture, up and down, perhaps a hundred times. Then they lifted them out on sticks and hung them to dry.

Now the yarn was ready for weaving on the great loom which Father and I had assembled. As soon as a girl's feet could reach the treadles, she learned to ply the shuttle into, over and through the threads—white, blue, yellow and brown—crossing and recrossing like a spider's web. The work was slow. The weeks wore on until one day, at the close of some dreary December afternoon, the treadles stopped. The weaving was done, clean-looking and strong.

In almost a year from the day the sheep had been sheared, we boys would be wearing the wool in the form of pantaloons and

Please turn the page

blouses, and the girls, gowns. Though the gowns were plain, the girls treasured them, for they had made them themselves—carded, spun, dyed and woven every fiber, sewn every stitch.

Favorite Pastimes

Fortunately, we never ran out of ways to stretch our wearied minds and limbs. What was our favorite pastime? At times we played Blindman's Buff. When we tired of this amusement, we would jump rope.

But we boys soon quit these girlish games and went off to play Mumblety-Peg or Rounders. The girls would march off to a far corner of the village green, where they played Cat's Cradle or "Wash My Lady's Dresses."

Sometimes we would go to the little frog pond. There we would launch my newly built sailboat, and send it with a gentle prod through the murky waters clogged with water lilies. In late afternoon we would return to the farm, at times zigzagging on our way to chase a woodchuck over the hill, or swing from an apple tree.

Herb Remedies

If anyone in our household fell seriously ill, the village physician appeared at our farm with his saddlebags filled with instruments and medicines. I remember the time I fell from my horse and fractured my arm.

I confess feeling almost relieved the moment the doctor stepped in the door. And from the day he came to vaccinate us against the smallpox, no one in our family had ever to fear this epidemic, and no one was taken to the old pesthouse where Grandfather was confined for three weeks when he was a boy.

Sometimes when the doctor couldn't make it, we had to trust Aunt Cecily.

That woman—what a wonder with herbs she was! She cared for our herb garden behind the kitchen. Aside from the usual herbs for cooking or cloth-dyeing, she grew lad's-love and tansy, camomile and sarsaparilla, spearmint and dozens of other medicinal herbs. When one of us was afflicted with fever, Aunt Cecily collected her scissors, basket and straw hat and went out to snip the proper herbs. These she blended or ground or boiled into a broth for her patient.

When one of us was down with a sore throat, Aunt Cecily made us gargle with thyme and honey. For indigestion she gave sarsaparilla or peppermint tea. For a toothache, she prescribed a spearmint infusion, for sleeplessness, she brewed catnip tea.

Haying

Haying marked the middle of summer. It was a high point in the life of every New England country child. Neighbors and relatives came to help Father cut and gather the hay. In different corners of the field we all set to cutting the hay and spreading it so it

Please turn the page

would dry properly. It was hard work, swinging the heavy blade through the thick growth of grass, under the hot sun.

"Roll and pitch as fast as you can!" Father urged us one day as he saw thunder clouds piling up on the hill. Rain might ruin his crop.

The storm we all feared did not come. Father sent us to pick early apples for the harvesters' pies. Luscious and fragrant, the fruit hung there most temptingly. We climbed up and plucked them.

Pumpkin Symphony

By late afternoon the kitchen table groaned with the weight of the feast Mother and the girls had prepared—stews and red flannel hash, apple pies, huge puddings and plum cakes. After we had eaten our fill, we proceeded to father's vegetable garden for our "Pumpkin Symphony."

We picked pumpkin stalks and carved whistles out of them. Our friends made fiddles out of cornstalks and trumpets out of willow branches. Two of my sisters made cymbals by placing a broad leaf in the palm of one hand and striking it with the other. *Pop! Pop!* Our old farmhorse pricked up her ears. Two of my brothers placed ribbon-grass leaves between their thumbs and blew on them, producing a shrill sound which set the dogs a-howling. Now we were all ready to perform in unison. And thus, out of my father's vegetable patch such powerful music was made! *The End*

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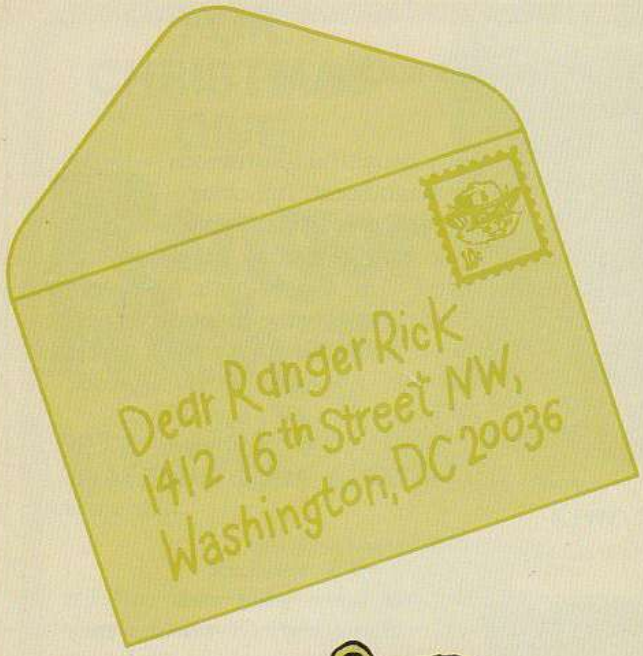
Rangers: If you have the chance sometime to visit Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, you will be able to see what life was really like for Timothy Frost and his brothers and sisters. All the photographs for Timothy's tale were taken in Old Sturbridge Village. R.R.



The Shepherd Frog

This interesting fellow
When caught never
squirms.
For when he's released
He can still herd
his worms.

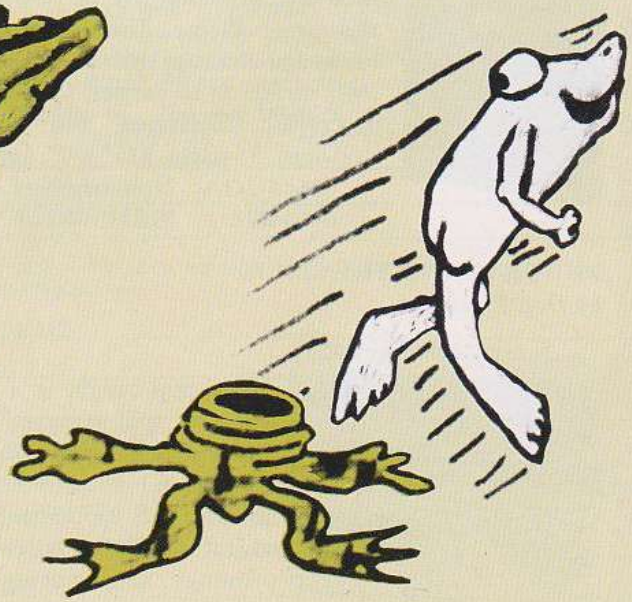
The Bullfinch Frog

This odd amphibian
Sits on fresh marsh reefs.
It sings an odd song
Which sounds like "peef-peefs!"

Poems and Drawings by Mark Feinthel, Age 10

The Pickle Frog

The pickle frog
Lives in a *salt* bog!



The Sparefoot Toad

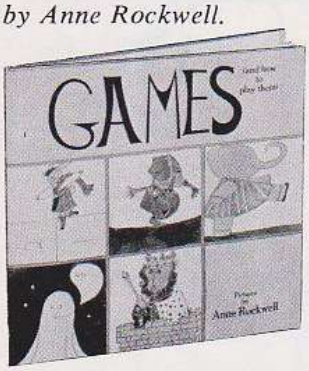
This guy is
real neat,
He keeps
spare feet!

The Streaker Chorus Frog

This little creature—1" small—
has a neat trick that's amusing to all.

HOLLOW OAK BOOK NOOK

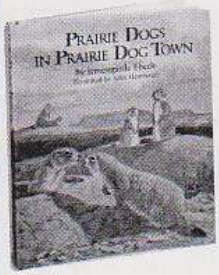
GAMES AND HOW TO PLAY THEM
by Anne Rockwell.



Elephants play *Giant Steps* and rabbits play *Hopscotch* in this bright imaginative book of children's games. 43 games for all occasions — noisy games, quiet games, team games, games to play alone, and more! And all your favorite animals are illustrated in beautiful color. Delightful fun for everything from rainy days to parties. 48 pages, 10″ x 10″, ages 4-up.

62024-2GA Non-members $6.95
62024GA MEMBERS' PRICE $5.50

PRAIRIE DOGS IN PRAIRIE DOG TOWN
by Irmengarde Eberle.



This lively book tells all about the way of life of prairie dogs; the remarkable little creatures that live in "towns" on the Great Plains. Their language of barks and chatters, their sentry system, their responses to danger, and more is described. Illustrated with lifelike drawings. 56 pages, 8¼″ x 7″, ages 7-9.

68644-2GA Non-members $4.50
68644GA MEM. PRICE $3.60

THE SEAL AND THE SLICK
by Don Freeman.

A seal pup caught in a disastrous oil spill is saved by a little boy and girl who help him return home in this thrilling tale of excitement and adventure. Soft, water-color paintings and moving text capture the drama of a tragedy that, for one seal at least, turns out happily. 34 pages, 11½″ x 8¾″, ages 4-8.

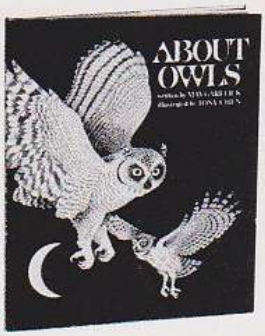
62195-2GA Non-members $5.95
62195GA MEMBERS' PRICE $4.75

THE BLOSSOM ON THE BOUGH
by Anne Ophelia Dowden.

Fifty delightful illustrations — thirty in magnificent full-color — bring you the spectacular beauty of budding and flowering trees of the forest. And the author's lucid text simply explains the function of tree flowers, the growth cycle of trees, and the importance of our forests. 80 pages, 8″ x 10″, ages 10-up.

68742-2GA Non-mem. $7.50
68742GA MEM. PRICE $6.00

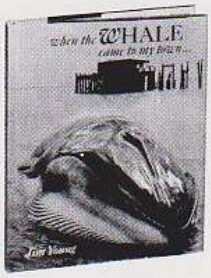
ABOUT OWLS
by May Garelick.



Do you know what owls eat? Or where they sleep? Or whether they can see in the daytime? You will find the answers to these and many other questions about the fascinating world of owls in this lively book. And the beautiful illustrations help bring these unique birds to life. 40 pages, 10¼″ x 8½″, ages 5-8.

68699-2GA Non-mem. $6.95
68699GA MEM. PRICE $5.55

WHEN THE WHALE CAME TO MY TOWN
by Jim Young.



Here's an unforgettable story about a boy who discovers a huge live whale stranded on a beach near his home. It really happened — and the original photographs make this beautiful tale of a boy's encounter with nature come alive. 36 pages, 8½″ x 6¾″, all ages.

68635-2GA Non-members $3.95
68635GA MEM. PRICE $3.15

SECRETS OF REDDING GLEN
by Jo Polseno.

This noted wildlife artist captures the sights, sounds and feel of the hidden life in a secluded valley as the seasons unfold. A fawn drinks from a pool of melted snow, and birds of every size and color arrive bringing new sounds and songs. Lyric prose and sensitive full-color paintings produce a beautiful portrait of nature in a wooded glen. 64 pages, 10″ x 8″, ages 10-up.

62202-2GA Non-members $3.95
62202GA MEMBERS' PRICE $3.15

071011

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Additional member benefits are listed on the back of this form.

1. Please fill this section out, both for personal and gift memberships.

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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STATE _____ ZIP _____

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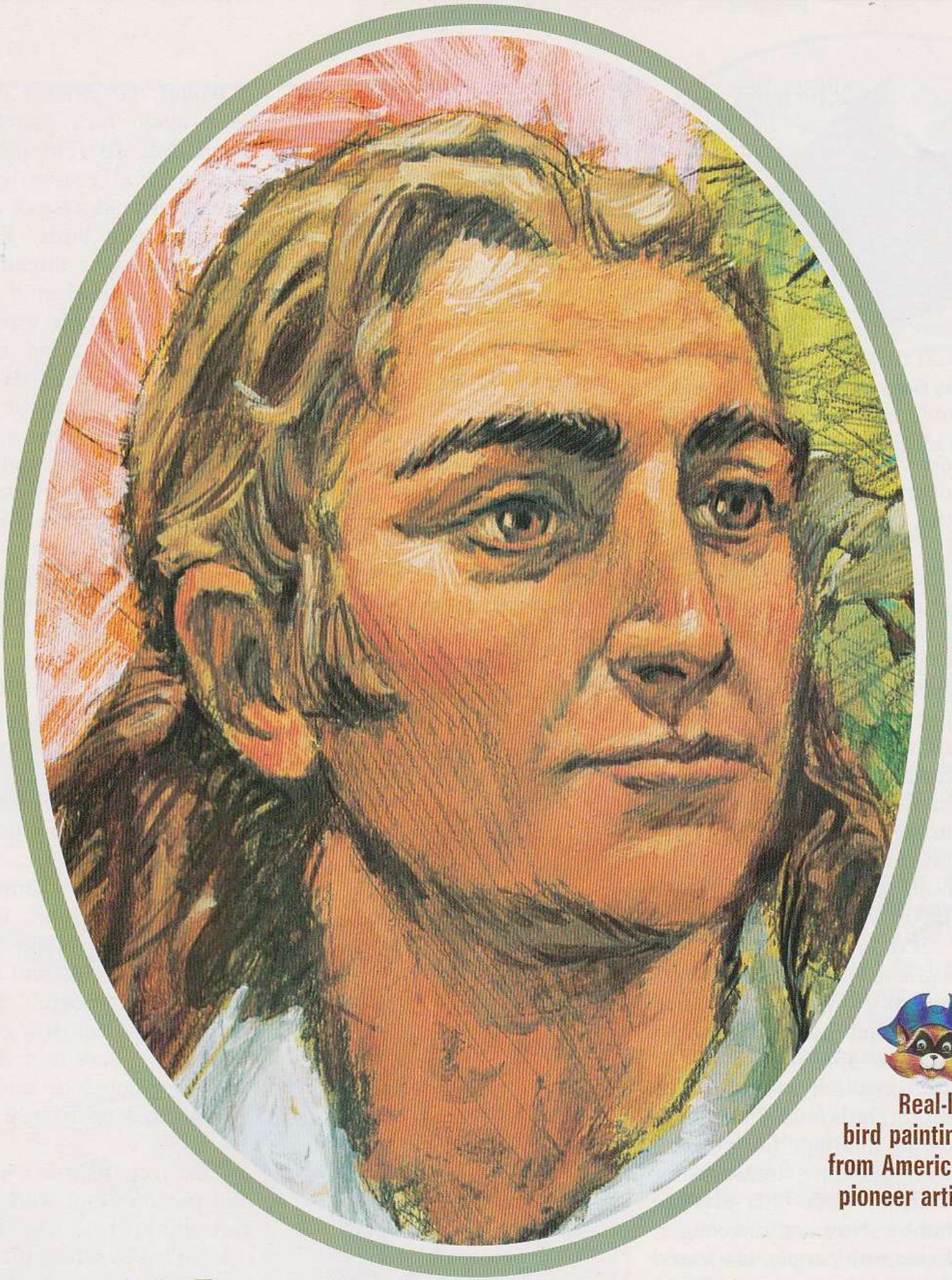
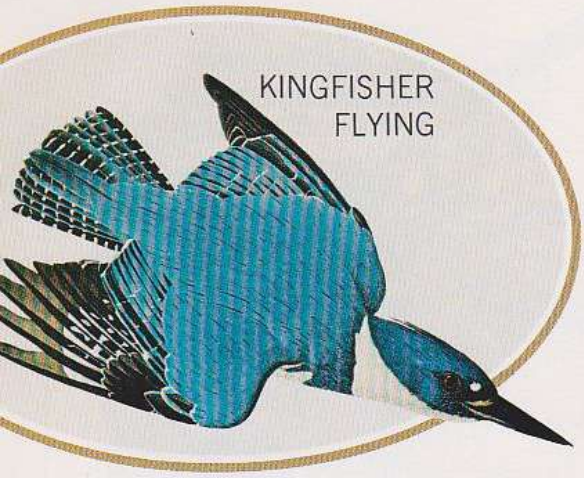


Real-life bird paintings from America's pioneer artist.

John James Audubon

Paintings courtesy of New York Historical Society.


KINGFISHER FLYING

by Gerry Bishop

John couldn't believe his eyes! Bald eagles circled overhead, looking for fish in the sparkling rivers. Noisy flocks of ducks and geese filled the clear skies on their migrations. Ivory-billed woodpeckers rapped out their tunes from thick forests. Bears roamed the hills just a short walk from the centers of towns. Inside the towns quail pecked at seeds in the streets and fish leaped in the streams. For a nature lover like John James Audubon, America in the early 1800s was the place to be!

It didn't take John long to settle in his new home. While he was growing up in France his father had tried to get him to spend more time studying; but every chance he got, he would sneak away to go hunting, fishing, collecting nature treasures or drawing birds—his favorite hobby. Now as a teenager, living with people who cared for his father's farm in Pennsylvania, he was free to do just as he pleased.

One of John's first discoveries on the farm was a tiny cave by the side of a creek. *What a perfect hideout!* he thought. Here he could spend all day alone drawing birds, reading or just daydreaming about his next hunting or fishing trip.

John quickly discovered he wasn't alone in his cave. A pair of phoebes (FEE-bees), little birds he called "pewees," had chosen the cave as a place to build their nest. The phoebes soon became so friendly he could handle their young without upsetting the parents. John studied these little birds more seriously than he had ever studied anything before. A need to learn about wildlife was growing stronger and stronger inside him.

PHOEBE ON COTTON

Would the pewees come back again next year? he wondered. To find out he wrapped silver-colored threads around a leg of each of the young birds. When birds with silver threads on their legs showed up a year later, his question was answered. By marking these birds, John had tried bird banding 100 years before anyone else in America.

Although John loved the wild animals that were so plentiful on the farm, he did not mind shooting one when he needed to study it close-up. There was just no other way of doing it. There were no cameras in his day with which he could take pictures, and not many animals were as tame as the phoebes in the cave. So the only way for an artist to draw a bird close-up was to shoot one and take it to his studio.

But this way of drawing did not satisfy John. What John loved about the birds was their wildness and freedom, their graceful flying and perky poses. How could he capture these in a drawing? How could he make a lifelike drawing from a lifeless body?

Most other artists drew bird pictures that were stiff and unnatural. But John wouldn't be satisfied until his drawings showed what he had seen—*"nature, alive and moving."*

OSPREY WITH TROUT

He tried drawing birds while they were alive. He sketched his favorite phoebes in every pose—flying, landing, singing and fighting. But he was unable to finish his drawings. The phoebes moved about too fast.

Next he tried laying dead birds on his table with their heads, wings and tails in lifelike positions. That didn't work. He tried hanging them on strings like puppets. That didn't work either.

Just as he was ready to give up, he had another idea. He raced into town on his horse, bought some wire, and raced back to the farm. He grabbed his gun, went down to the stream and shot the first kingfisher he saw.

Back in his studio he mounted the kingfisher on wire and bent the wire to give the bird a lifelike pose. Finally he had it! *"This is my first drawing actually from nature!"* John now had a way to show others what he had been seeing for so long.

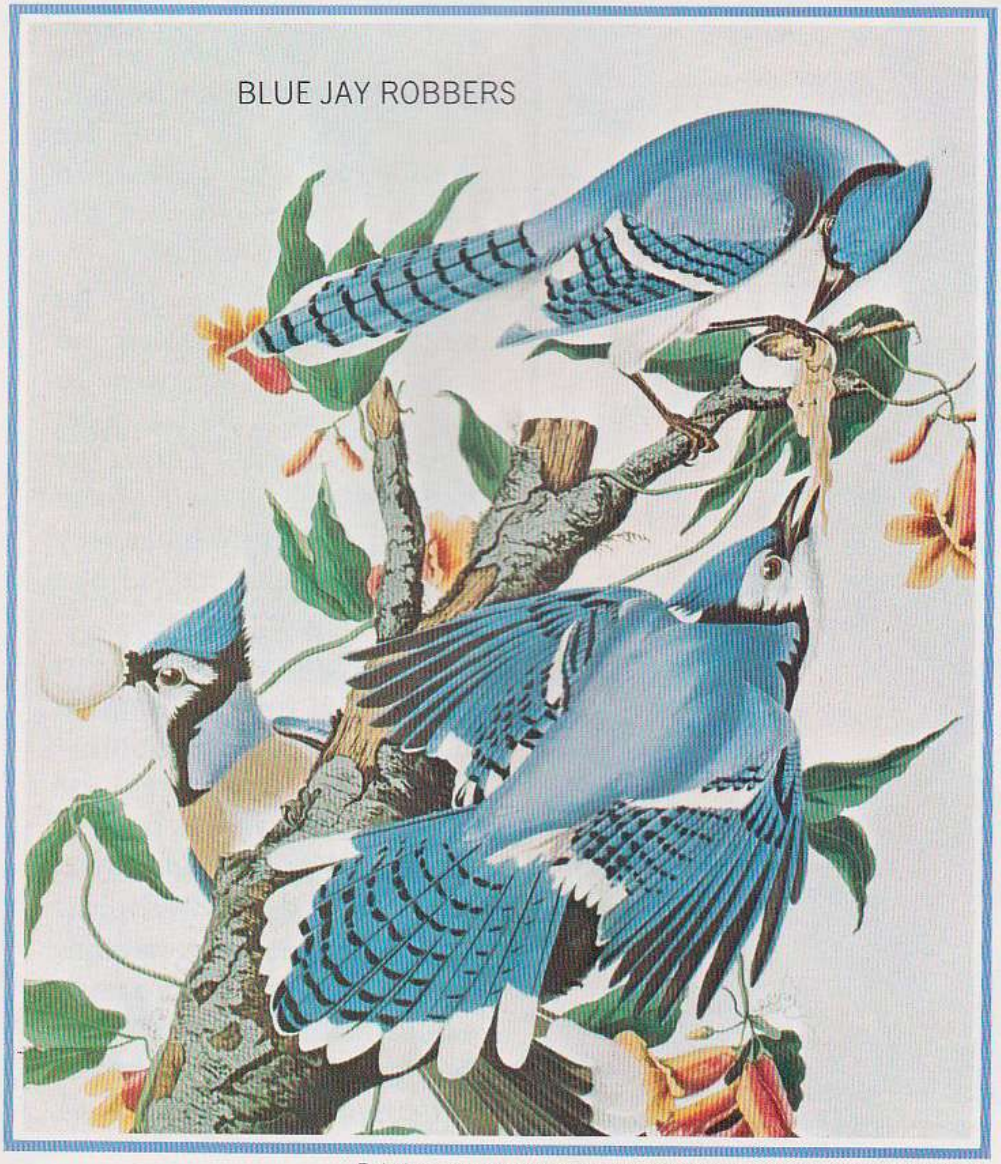
When John was 25 years old, he met the most famous bird artist of his time—Alexander Wilson. John looked at the artist's book of birds and knew right away that he could do better.

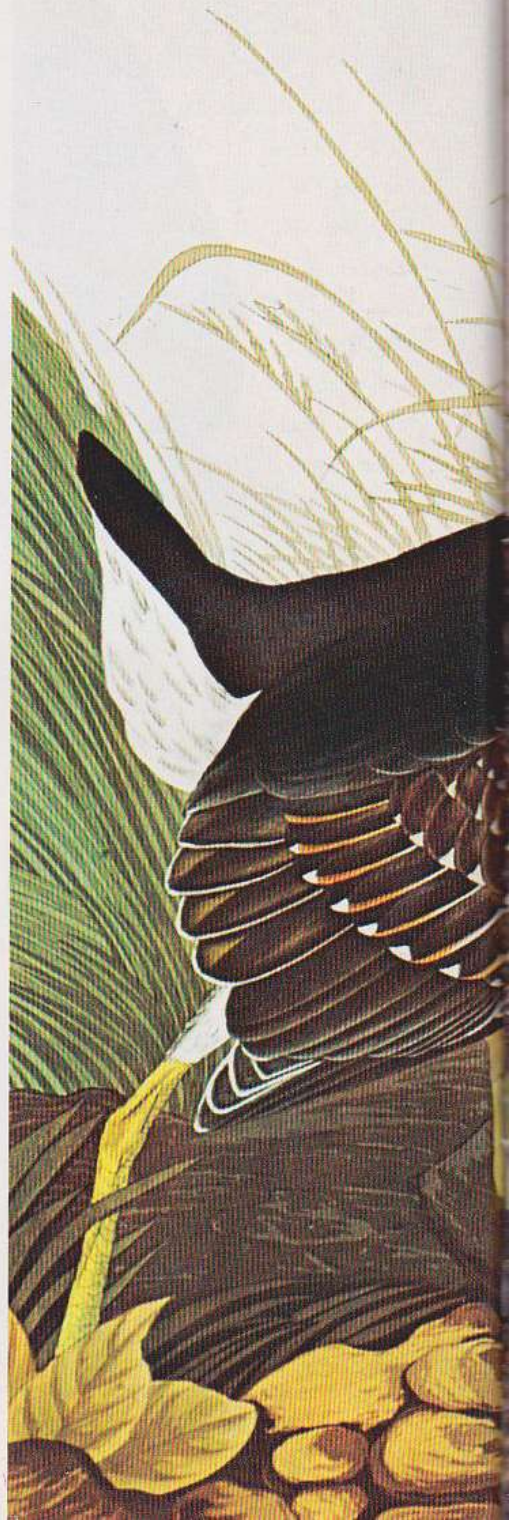
So, for the next few years, he spent as much time as he could in the forest with his gun and his rusty tin box of art supplies.

Please turn the page

Finally John was ready to try to find a publisher for his collection of drawings. He had hundreds and hundreds of pictures of birds, some of which no white man had ever seen. He looked for someone to print his bird drawings in America, but failed. So off he went to England on the first ship he could find. There he found a publisher interested in his work. His long hours in the woods had paid off.

For the next ten years John moved back and forth to Europe and in and out of the American wilderness, collecting more birds and perfecting his drawings. When his book *The Birds of America* was finally finished in 1837, it was the best and most beautiful book of birds ever seen. It was also one of the largest! There were 497 birds, each drawn life-size—even the pelicans, eagles and flamingos. And this was the





Paintings courtesy of Ridge Press from *The Living World of Audubon*

GREEN HERONS AND LUNA MOTH

BROWN PELICAN IN MANGROVE TREE

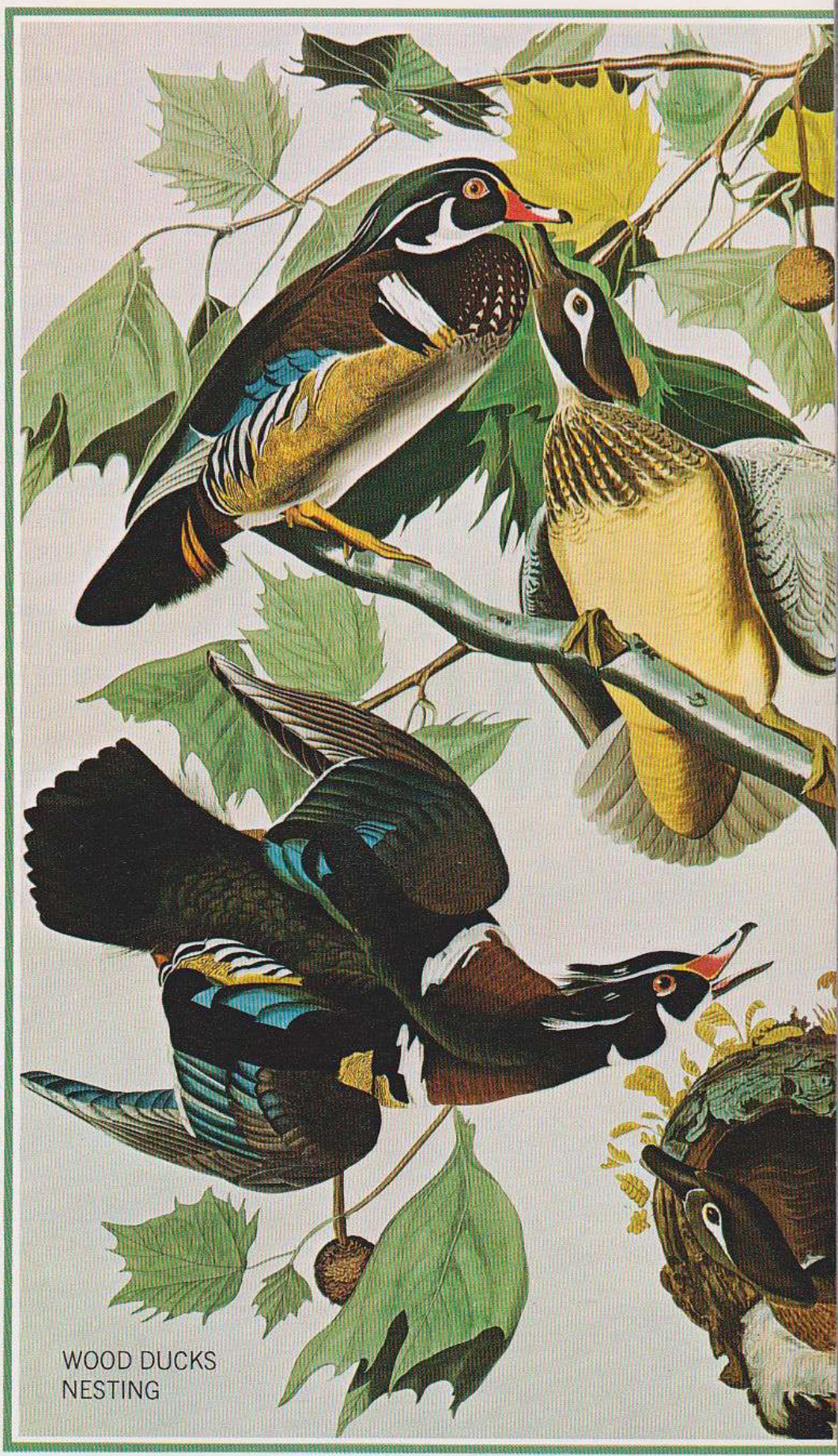
size they were printed. No wonder the book was called the Elephant Folio!

Even though John's dream of drawing the best bird book had come true, he couldn't stop working. It was 1839 when he decided to start a book on the mammals of America. And one last dream remained—to see the country west of the Mississippi River. So he went west.

After he returned to his new home in New York in 1843, he worked as hard as he could on his book of mammals. But as the years went on he grew more tired and soon was unable to see well enough to draw. In 1851 he died, but his two sons took over the work and finished it for him.

Many of the birds that John drew are now extinct—passenger pigeons, Labrador ducks, heath hens, Carolina parakeets, ivory-billed woodpeckers. And many more are in danger of becoming extinct. But most of the wildlife John loved is alive today.

Noisy flocks of ducks and geese still fill our skies every spring and fall. Eagles still soar above the remaining patches of wilderness. More deer than ever before nibble acorns and twigs in woods all across the country. And it's still easy to find your very own hideout along a stream, where you too might make friends with a pair of little "pewees." *The End*



WOOD DUCKS NESTING

Ranger Rick and his friends

Adventure #87 Beaver Tale

by Robert A. Brownridge

"Just think, Becky," said Ranger Rick as he and Becky Hare walked along a path in Deep Green Wood. "This is the beginning of our Nation's 200th birthday!"

"Yes," said Becky. "There will be celebrations and parades going on all across the country. Don't you wish you could see them all, Rick? Or be *in* a parade?"

Before Rick could answer they heard a loud shout coming from the direction of Shady Pond. Quickly Becky and Rick ran toward the pond and skidded to a stop on the bank.

"I don't see anyone," said Rick.

Just then they heard a low moan. It was coming from right below them.

Rick and Becky looked down. There by the edge of the water was Ollie Otter lying flat on his belly! He was covered with mud! Rick and Becky scrambled down to him.

"What happened, Ollie?" asked Becky.

"I-I don't k-k-know," stammered Ollie, trying to spit mud out of his mouth. "I came running down the path and took a leap on my slide when SPLAT! I hit all this mud instead of the water. Ick!"

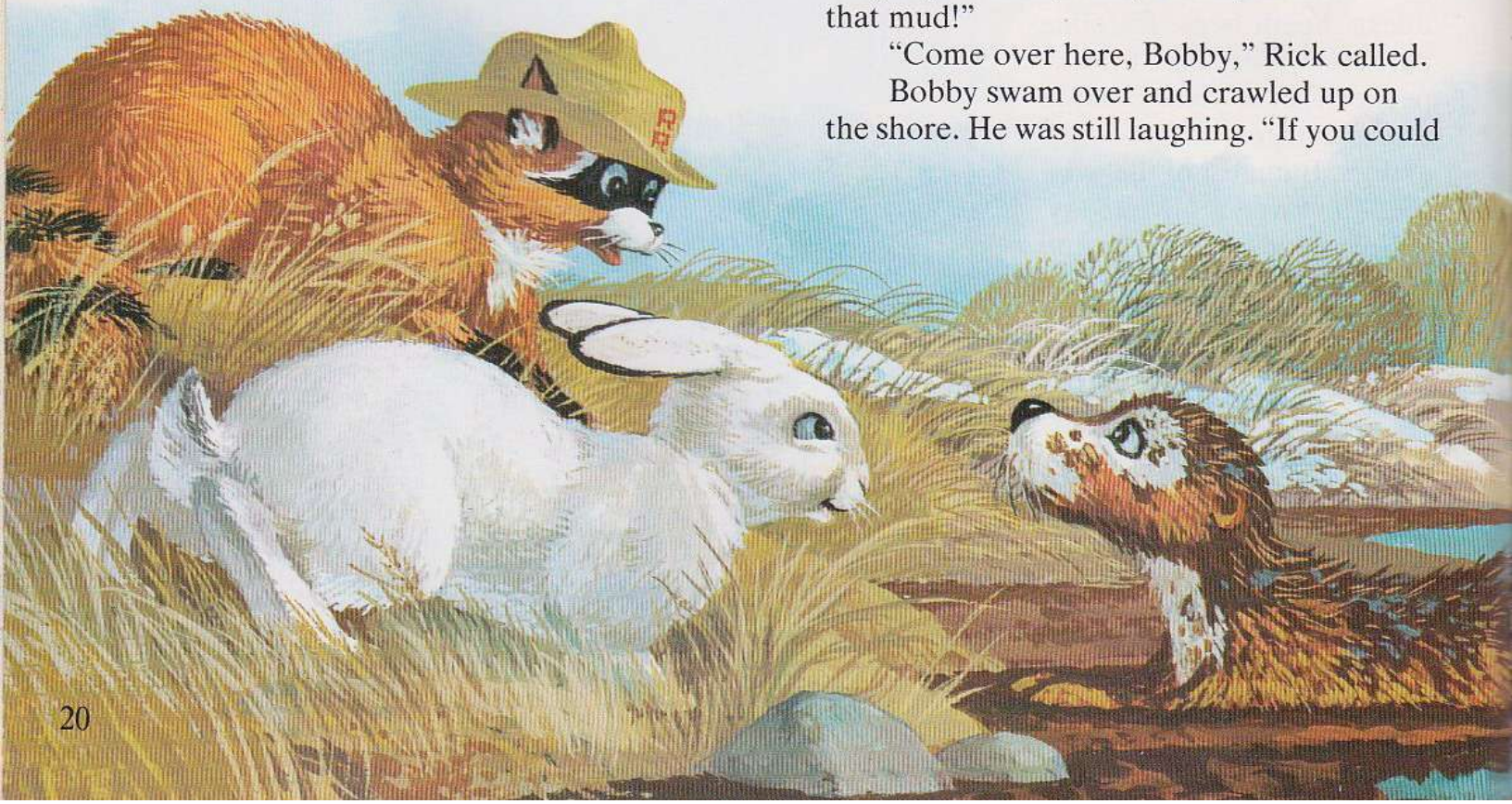
Rick and Becky were trying as hard as they could not to laugh at Ollie. He was a sight! Mud on the corners of his mouth, mud on his eyelids—mud all over!

Hearing muffled giggles, Ollie glanced up. Rick and Becky weren't the only ones who thought Ollie looked funny. On top of his lodge sat Bobby Beaver. He too was chuckling and grinning his toothy grin.

"Oh, what a sight," he gasped. "What a sight you were, Ollie, when you hit that mud!"

"Come over here, Bobby," Rick called.

Bobby swam over and crawled up on the shore. He was still laughing. "If you could



have seen yourself, Ollie! Mud flying every which way! Boy, am I glad I was well out of range on top of my lodge. I'd never make it as Bicentennial Animal of the Year if I looked like you . . . ."

"Animal of the Year? You?" Ollie asked as he tried to clean himself up. "And why should *you* be Animal of the Year?" he added crossly.

Bobby Beaver drew himself up. "I well deserve to be Bicentennial Animal of the Year," he said trying to impress the others. "And you, Ollie, you should know why—after landing in my mud!"

"Your mud? You put it there?" Ollie said, still grumbling about his muddy fall. "Just to trip me up?"

"Well, not exactly," Bobby admitted. "I'm the cause of it, though. My good dam holds back the silt and mud that would otherwise run down to the ocean. The mud builds up and years later forms lush beaver meadows. Today it's soft because of the thaw. Sorry about that, Ollie, old friend."

"It wasn't as muddy as this last fall," Ollie complained, still cleaning himself. "And I don't believe the Bicentennial Animal of the Year is chosen just for making mud!"

Bobby nodded his head. "You're right there. All over the country we beavers have made fertile beaver meadows. The first farmers who settled in the valleys 200 years ago sure appreciated our *mud making*, as you call it. And farmers still appreciate it."

With this Ranger Rick had to agree. "Besides that, Ollie, beavers are valuable animals. They thin the forest when they cut down trees so new growth gets air and light."

"Sometimes I think we've been too valuable, Rick," Bobby said soberly. "We beavers have something more to celebrate this year —we really are the Animal of the Year."

"How come, Bobby?" asked Becky.

"It starts off as a sad story," said Bobby. "For hundreds of years beaver fur was very valuable. In Europe people prized our fine soft fur for making hats. When beavers were discovered by settlers in this country, well . . . fur traders didn't waste any time going after us! The pelts were sold and traded for many goods needed by the settlers. You could almost say that we beavers, because of our valuable fur, helped to open up the wilderness. Too bad for us. Because of that, we became very scarce."

Rick slapped his friend on the shoulder. "Man, have you made a comeback! And that's worth celebrating all by itself!"

"Right you are," Bobby agreed happily. "It could have been worse, as you say. And did you know that important places like New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Albany and Montreal in Canada were first settled as fur trading posts?"

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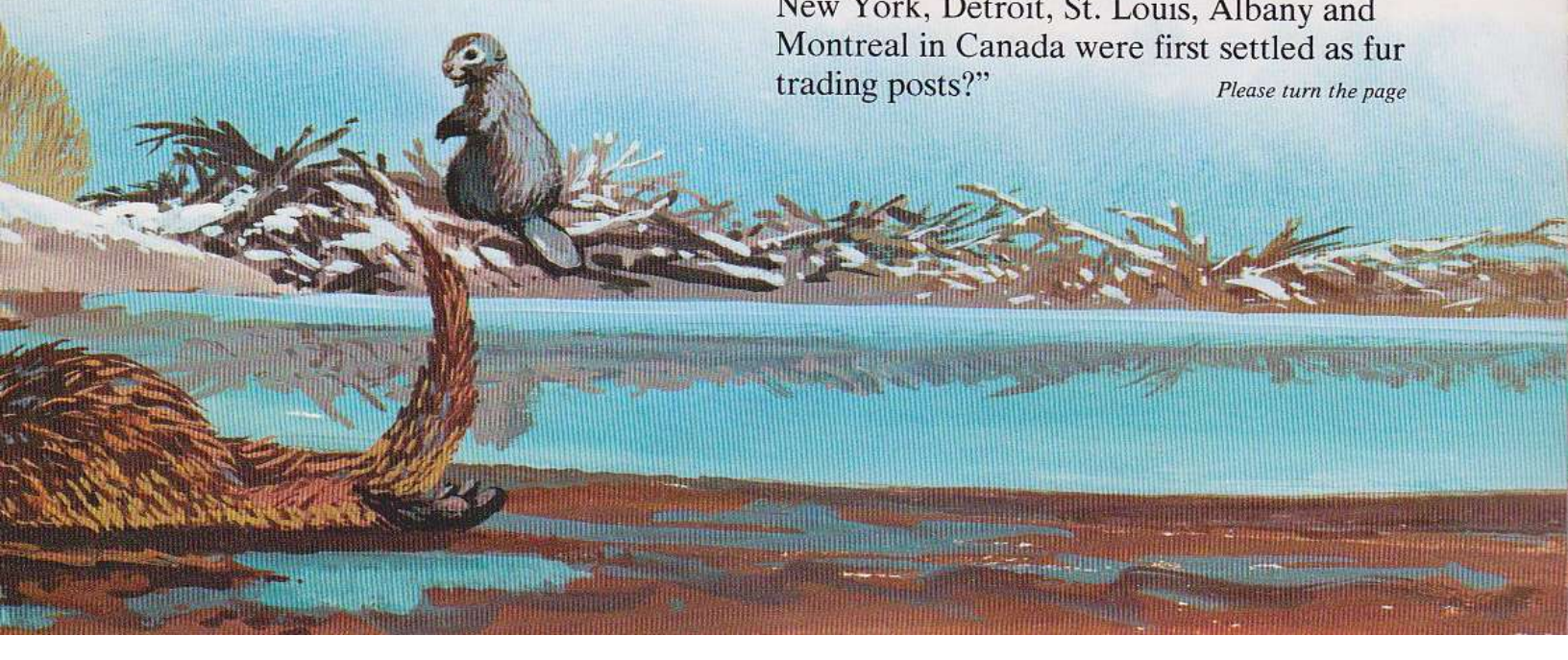
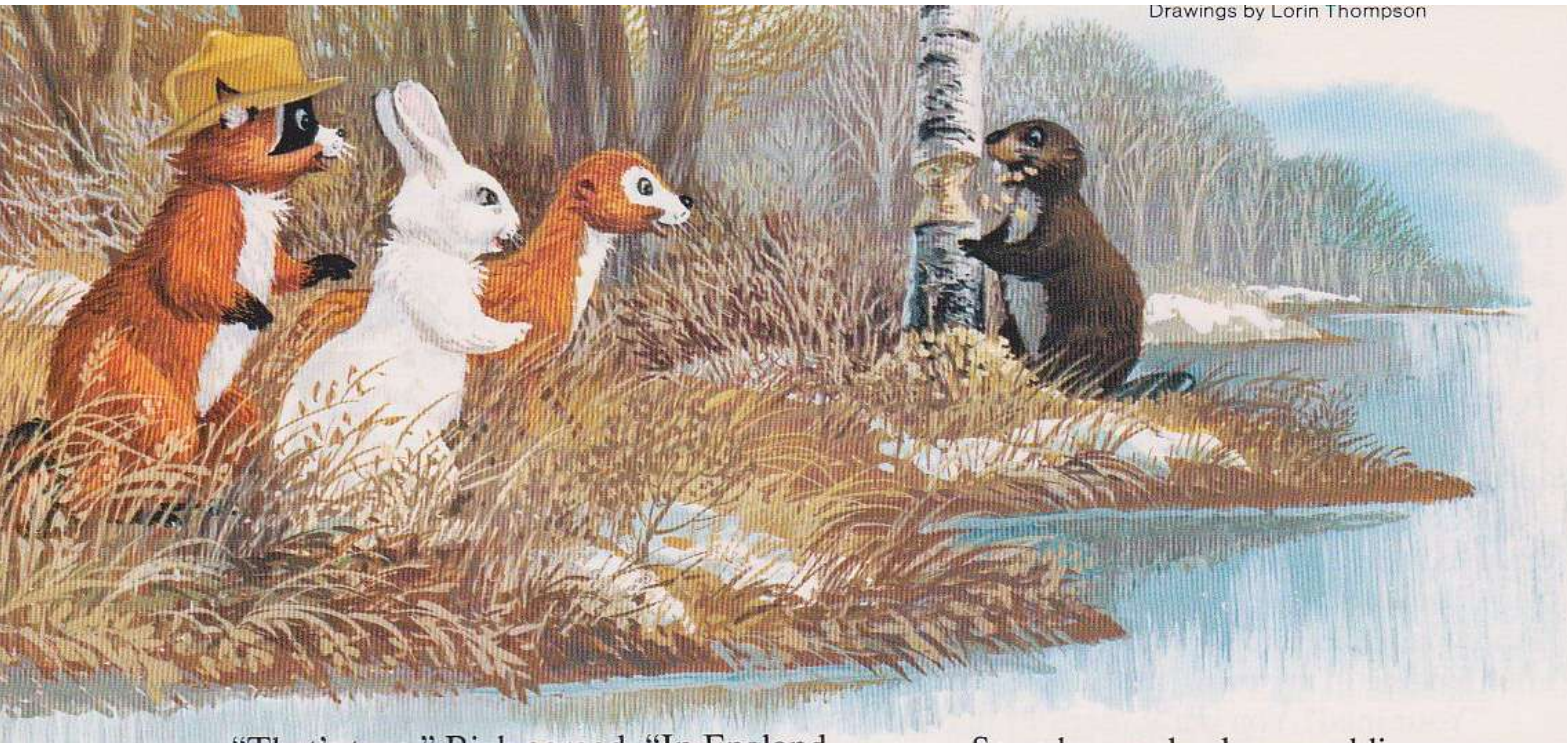




Drawings by Lorin Thompson

"That's true," Rick agreed. "In England there was even a royal decree that *all* hats must be made of beaver fur. No wonder beavers helped open up the wilderness—though I'm sure they would have been happier not to."

"Naturally," said Bobby. "Beavers were so heavily trapped that by the late 1800's we were gone from all but four states. By the time laws were passed to protect us, it was almost too late."

"I see!" exclaimed Becky. "Hurray for the beaver's comeback! Hurray for the conservation laws! Bobby has lots to celebrate."

"Not just me, Becky," Bobby said, chuckling. "We hard-working, busy beavers haven't just opened up the country to settlers. We open up the woods for many plants and animals. Our ponds make habitats for many different kinds of wildlife. And as poor Ollie found out, there is a regular beaver meadow just beginning right here where my family and I have built our dam. That reminds me, I'd better do some chores and repair the dam before the heavy spring rains wash out all the mud. See you."

Bobby waddled down the slope to the water's edge and swam right into his lodge of sticks and mud.

Soon he was back, scrambling up on shore not far from his friends. They watched him gnawing on a young tree, chips piling up all around.

"Don't your teeth get dull chewing on wood?" Becky asked him.

With his mouth still full of wood chips Bobby mumbled, "The more I chew the sharper they get. Besides, my front teeth keep growing—I've *got* to keep wearing them down." Bobby went right on chipping busily away.

"I wonder which way the tree will fall?" Becky said.

"I heard the trees always fall toward the water," said Ollie.

"Not true," said Bobby between chews. "Your guess is as good as mine."

He gnawed a little longer, then raised his head and shouted, "Tim-m-m-ber-r-r!"

The tree swayed back and forth—first toward Rick, Ollie and Becky, then back toward Bobby.

"Look out!" shouted Rick. Everyone scrambled for shelter. Ranger Rick jumped toward the water. Becky and Bobby ducked behind a tree. Ollie started in another direction. When he looked up he saw the tree coming straight toward him.

As he tried to run the other way, he tripped on a big root. *Plop!* Once again Ollie found himself flat on the ground. Down, down, down came the tree, faster and faster. Suddenly Ollie felt himself falling.

"Yi-i-i—" he screamed as he rolled off the bank.

Instead of hitting the sharp rocks he plopped on a nice, soft cushion. This time it wasn't mud. The "cushion" was Ranger Rick!

"Get off me, Ollie!" gasped Rick.

"Whew," sighed Ollie. "That tree just missed me. Sorry I landed on you, Rick. You saved me from those rocks."

As the animals crawled out of their shelters Becky laughed. "Bobby, we believe you now that you could be the Bicentennial Animal of the Year—but you wouldn't be voted *Lumber Jack* of the Year!"

Bobby laughed. He apologized to Ollie. "Sorry about that close call, Ollie."

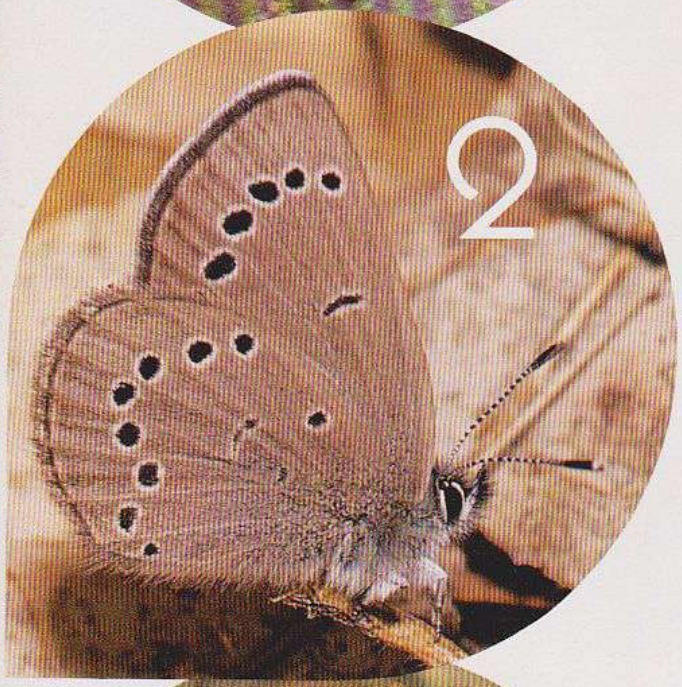
That made Ollie feel a lot better. "Forget it, Bobby. Say, why don't you take some of that mud near my slide to repair your dam—that would help us both."

"You're right, Ollie. I think I will. And remember, next time, look before you leap!"

The End

Rangers: Bobby is the first wild creature to think he should be the Bicentennial Animal of the Year. But you're the ones who will decide which animal it should be! In each issue from now until July, the Adventures of Ranger Rick will tell the stories of the animals who were most important in the history of early America. When the series is over, we'll ask you to send us your vote as to which creature you think deserves the award. *R.R.*

Photo on next page
by Jen & Des Bartlett/Bruce Coleman Inc.



How can a delicate little butterfly escape a big hungry bird? It can use . . .

WING TRICKS

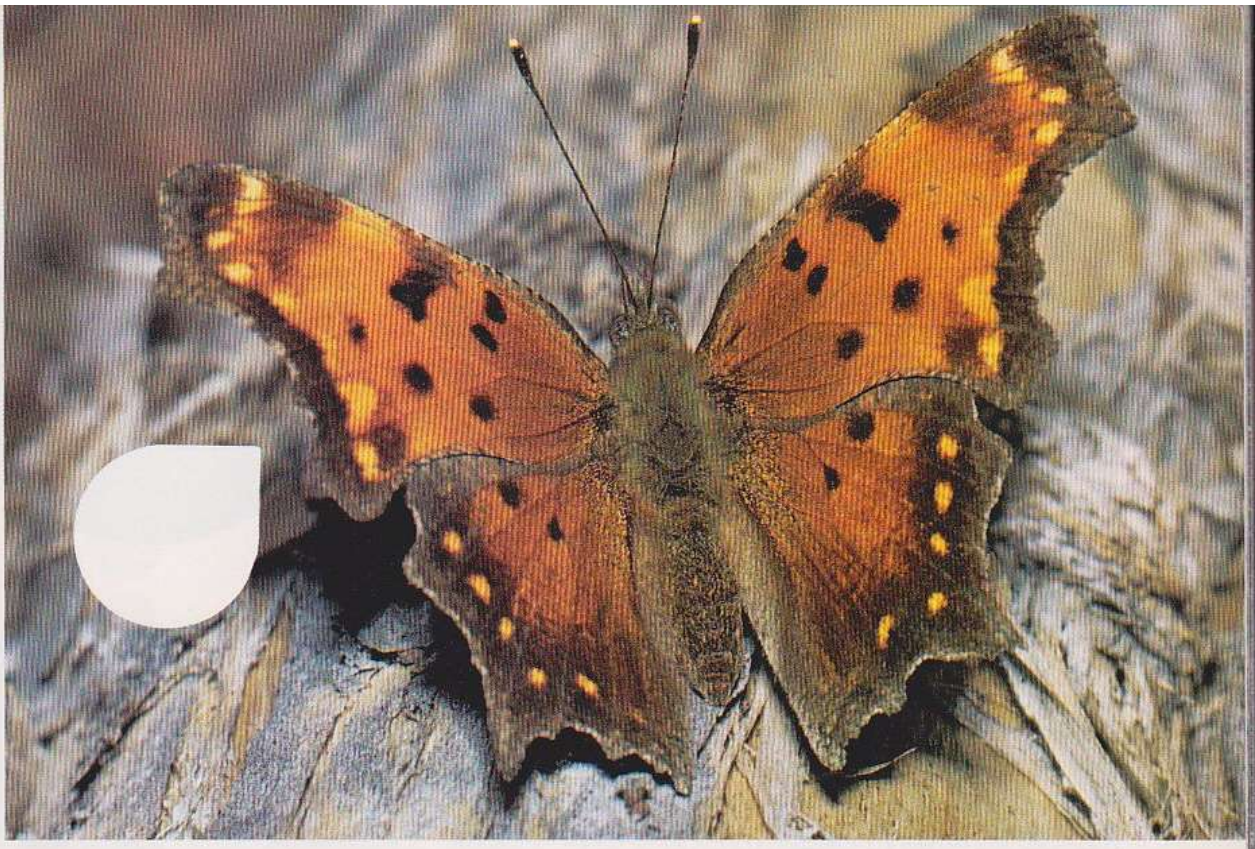
Story and photos by Susan and John Shaw

Here's how one trick works. A butterfly flies along with its brightly colored wings flashing. A hungry bird easily spots it and takes off after it. All of a sudden the butterfly lands, closes its wings and shows the dull undersides. What was a colorful butterfly just a second before now looks like a dried-up old leaf! Chances are the bird will zip right past the butterfly, still looking for the bright colors.

As extra protection, the butterfly has still another trick. Suppose the bird comes back and finally sees the camouflaged butterfly hidden among the leaves. Just as the bird is ready to pounce, the butterfly quickly opens its wings. The bright flash of color surprises the bird for a second—just long enough for the butterfly to escape.

Next spring go out and look for these colorful tricksters. Will their tricks fool you too? You can practice first by finding the butterflies hidden among the leaves (photos 1, 2, 3). Then try to match each trickster with its "flasher" pose.

For answers turn to page 40



by Christine A. McKay

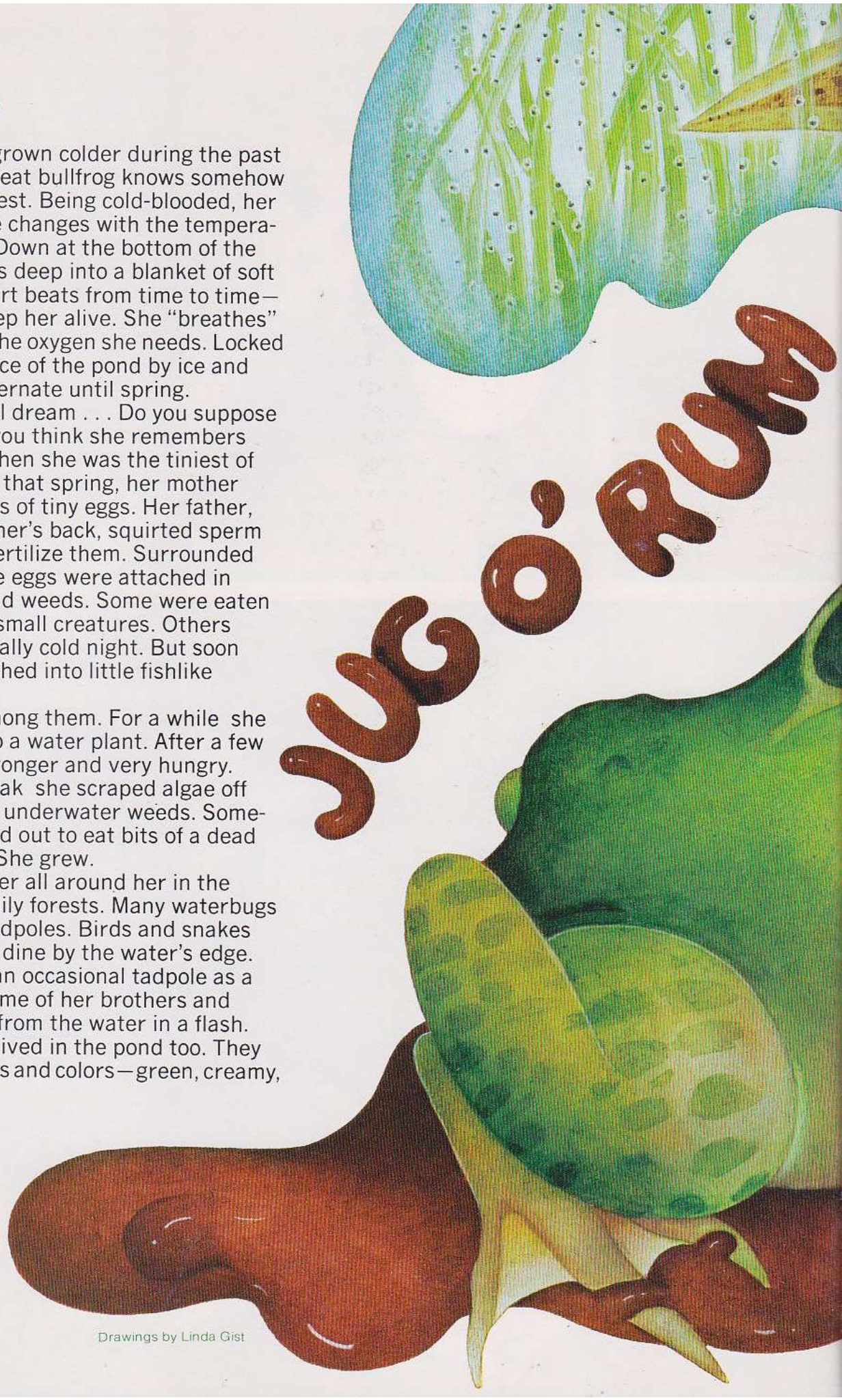
The water has grown colder during the past few weeks. The great bullfrog knows somehow that it is time to rest. Being cold-blooded, her body temperature changes with the temperature around her. Down at the bottom of the pond, she burrows deep into a blanket of soft mud. Her tiny heart beats from time to time—just enough to keep her alive. She "breathes" through her skin the oxygen she needs. Locked beneath the surface of the pond by ice and snow, she will hibernate until spring.

Perhaps she will dream . . . Do you suppose frogs dream? Do you think she remembers what it was like when she was the tiniest of tadpoles? Early in that spring, her mother had laid thousands of tiny eggs. Her father, riding on her mother's back, squirted sperm over the eggs to fertilize them. Surrounded by a clear jelly, the eggs were attached in masses to the pond weeds. Some were eaten by fish and other small creatures. Others froze on an unusually cold night. But soon most of them hatched into little fishlike tadpoles.

And she was among them. For a while she clung helplessly to a water plant. After a few days she grew stronger and very hungry. With her horny beak she scraped algae off rocks and nibbled underwater weeds. Sometimes she ventured out to eat bits of a dead fish lying nearby. She grew.

There was danger all around her in the weeds and water-lily forests. Many waterbugs feasted on little tadpoles. Birds and snakes and frogs came to dine by the water's edge. They didn't mind an occasional tadpole as a snack. She saw some of her brothers and sisters disappear from the water in a flash.

Other tadpoles lived in the pond too. They were different sizes and colors—green, creamy,



Drawings by Linda Gist

purple-black. But they didn't have spotted tails and yellow bellies like the bullfrog tadpoles did. Soon these other tadpoles started changing. They grew legs and their tails shrank. As tiny frogs and toads they began lives different from hers. She grew very large, but she was still just a very large tadpole. Her tail didn't shrink, and no legs grew.

Slowly the water began to get colder. She hid at the pond's bottom in the soft mud. Other creatures hibernated there too—frogs and diving beetles, fish and turtles. And so her first winter passed.

Spring came and the water warmed again. The giant tadpole awoke and began to eat once more. She was very big now—as long and fat as a stick of butter. Then, in early July, something began to happen to her. She was changing just like the other tadpoles had. She began to grow legs! Her back legs appeared first on both sides of her tail. Soon her front legs began to grow. She lost her gills and developed lungs. She began to breathe air instead of taking oxygen from the water. This meant she had to go to the surface often.

Her tail was just as big as ever, but other changes were happening. Her eyes now stuck out high above her head; she could see in all directions. Her mouth grew wider, stretching from one side of her head to the other. She began to look like a frog, except she still had a huge spotted tail.

At last her tail began to shrink. She stopped eating while her body used the stored-up energy in it. Her skin grew darker and greener. Within a short time she had changed from a tadpole to a bullfrog.

With her strong back legs and webbed feet, she swam through the underwater forests. Her bulging eyes were protected from anything she might bump into. A special

Please turn the page

eyelid could slide over them, and she could see through it in a foggy sort of way. Or she could pull her eyes a little way down inside her head.

One day she sat in the shallows enjoying the warm sun, watching for a dragonfly, small frog or a crayfish to come within reach of her long tongue. She kept a wary eye out for possible enemies. The great blue heron, which had been stalking around all morning, had gone elsewhere for lunch and everything was quiet. Suddenly to her left she saw the water churn. Almost instantly she leaped as high as she could. She felt a pull at one of her back feet. Then she landed with a thud in the soft grass on the bank. She turned to look at the spot where she had been sitting. There in the water was a giant fish . . . bigger than any fish she had ever seen!

She was safe because she had acted quickly. To live to be an old frog—about 15 years—she would have to avoid many enemies over and over again. Herons, fish, turtles and snakes love to eat frogs. And her fat hind legs could easily end up on somebody's plate in a fancy restaurant!

For two summers she swam and ate and grew. Now she was resting beneath the pond mud until spring warmed the water. This year was the first time she would lay eggs. She would complete the cycle that had started with her birth in that same pond.

She came up from the bottom on a warm spring day. In the early evening, her world was filled with sounds. But only one would be important to her—the *jug o' rum* mating call of the male bullfrog.

The warm darkness of the night was filled with many voices. She heard the high-pitched whistle of the spring peeper, the flutelike trill of the American toad, the banjo plunk of the green frog. The weedy edges of the pond were stirred as dozens of frogs and toads found mates. Then she heard it—a deep, strong *jug o' rum, jug o' rum, jug o' rum.* Before long the pond would be alive with a new generation of bullfrog tadpoles.

The End

fish, mama, fish

by Joseph J. Branney

Ringo, Ross and Christy, three Alaskan brown bear cubs, were very excited when Mama woke up. They were hungry. And so was Mama. She sniffed the early morning air and headed for the river, her 7-month-old cubs following. They knew that this meant fish for breakfast.

Every now and then Mama would stop. She would toss her head and sniff the air for danger, then continue along the trail. A patch of ripe blueberries brought the trip to a sudden halt. All four bears sat down and stripped the delicious berries off the branches.

The cubs trailed behind Mama as they headed toward the roaring falls. The trail led them through high grass and alder brush. At times the cubs would stand on their hind legs to see over the grass.

Finally the bears arrived at the river. Mama waded in and headed for an island. The cubs followed through the shallow water. On the island Mama turned and looked at them. The cubs seemed to know that this meant to sit down and wait.

She dove into the river and swam until she reached a shallow part. The salmon Mama was going to catch had hatched four years before and had gone to sea. Now

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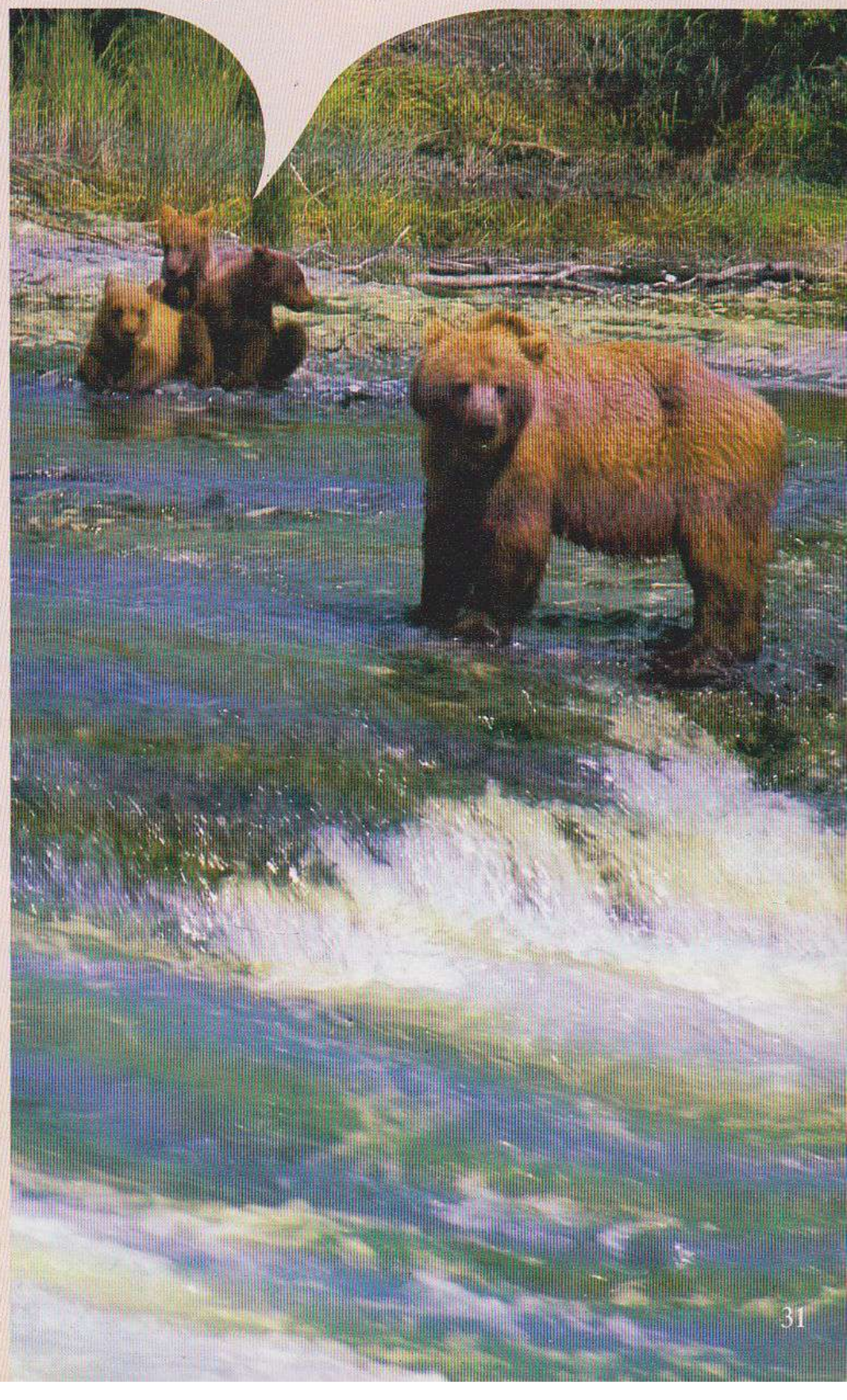

Photos by Jeff Foott

they were returning to the same river to lay their eggs and complete their life cycle.

The falls are a hurdle to the salmon in their tiring journey. They cannot jump the high parts but must swim up through the fast-moving water that flows around the high parts. The pools below were full of salmon resting before fighting the rapids.

Mama stood in the rapids facing downstream. She looked to the right and then to the left. A fish swam by. She grabbed at it with her paw and missed! Another swam by. She missed again! The cubs sat on the island watching Mama. A hungry seagull landed near them,

Please turn the page

squawking loudly. The cubs saw her grab, but her claws came out of the water empty. She grabbed again, but again, nothing.

Other seagulls were flying around the cubs, some landing, all squawking. Ringo and Ross could stand it no longer. They stood up and rested their front paws on Christy's back. The excitement was building. *Fish, Mama, fish!* they seemed to be thinking.

Mama was still belly-deep in the water. She saw a salmon coming and grabbed with her sharp claws. Instantly her head went under to bite the fish. The fish was in her mouth when she started for the island and her cubs. Mama carried it to the middle of the island, and the cubs dashed to her side. The salmon didn't last long as each bear feasted.

The fearless seagulls stood just out of reach, squawking and watching for small scraps of fish. Soon all but the salmon's head was gone. Mama nosed the cubs back and sat them down before going back into the river. The cubs were even more excited now after tasting the first catch. They could hardly wait for the next one.

The cubs could see salmon swimming very close to the island. They crept nearer and nearer to the water to watch. Ross leaned out over the water. Suddenly he slipped. *Splash!* Into the fast-moving water he went. Frightened, he squealed sharply. Quickly Mama turned and swam after him. The cub swam as hard as he could, but the current was carrying him downstream. Before he had gone too far Mama was at his side. She nudged him toward the shore. It was lucky that she had been close-by. When she got him back on the island, she sat him down and nipped him before she went back fishing.

The three cubs sat quietly and watched as Mama missed a fish once, twice, three times. Then they saw her head come out of the water with another big salmon. Again the bears feasted.

Ross and Ringo each grabbed a chunk of fish at

Photos by Joseph J Branney (31, 34, 35)

the same time and a tug of war was on. They growled and pulled and growled and pulled. Ross almost took it away from Ringo, then Ringo pulled harder and almost took it from Ross. The tug of war ended when Mama walked over, grabbed the piece of salmon and ate it.

Again and again Mama went back into the river and returned with fish, until the cubs' bellies were bulging. Finally they curled up to take a nap while Mama fished to feed herself.

Late in the morning Mama led her cubs back up through the alders to find a cool place to lie down and rest. Their morning of fishing and feasting was over. *The End*

the unicorn was a narwhal

Story and photos by Fred Bruemmer

Long ago, in the Middle Ages, people believed in unicorns. They thought the unicorn looked like a large deer with one long, twisted, ivory horn growing from its forehead.

The trouble was nobody had ever *seen* a unicorn. People only heard rumors about it from traders and explorers. But they believed the animal must live on earth, because they had seen its horn.

Unicorn horns were very valuable. Each one was worth many times its weight in gold. The reason for this was the belief that a unicorn's horn had miraculous power—it could make poison harmless. So emperors, kings and princes, who worried that someone might poison them, were only too glad to pay large sums of money for drinking cups made from the wonderful horn of the unicorn.

Today we know that no such animal as the unicorn

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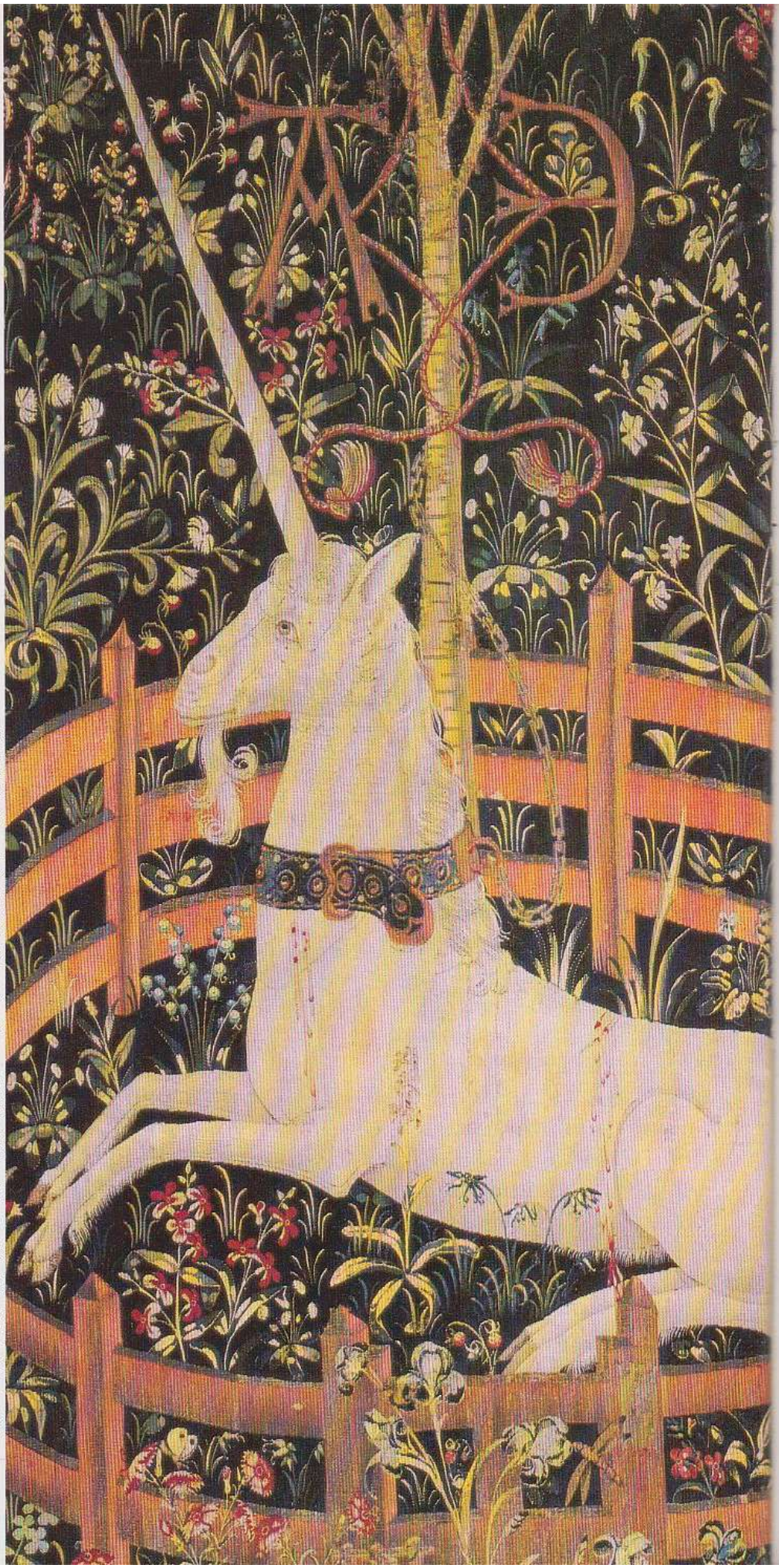

Detail of "The Unicorn in Captivity." The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Cloisters Collection, Gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., 1937.

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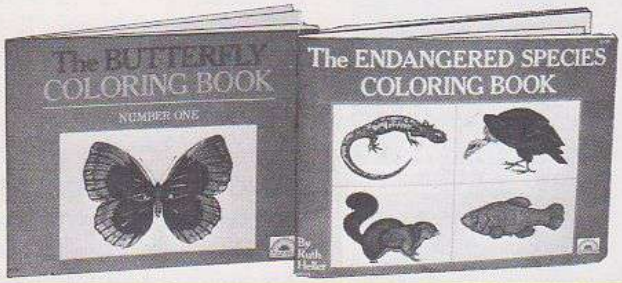

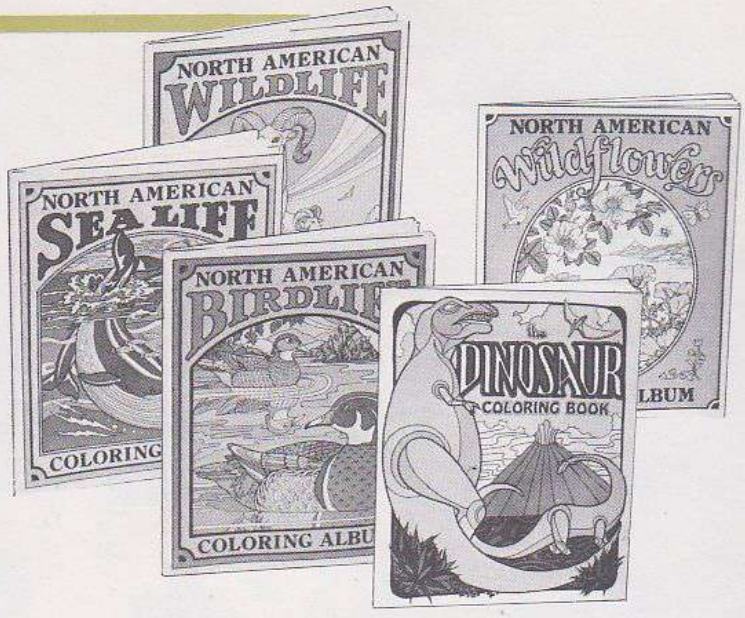

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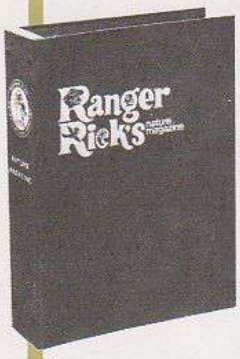

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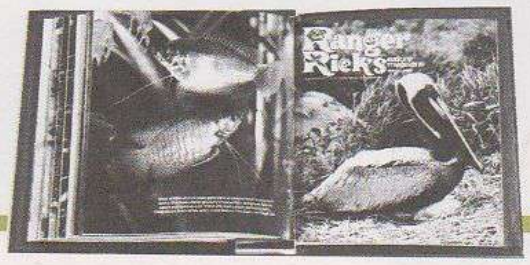

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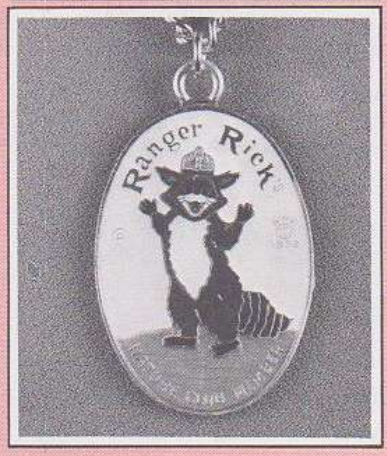

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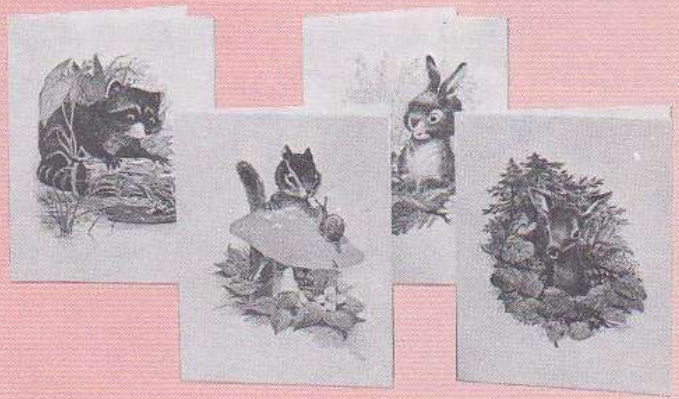


ever existed. But where did those long horns come from? They came from whales!

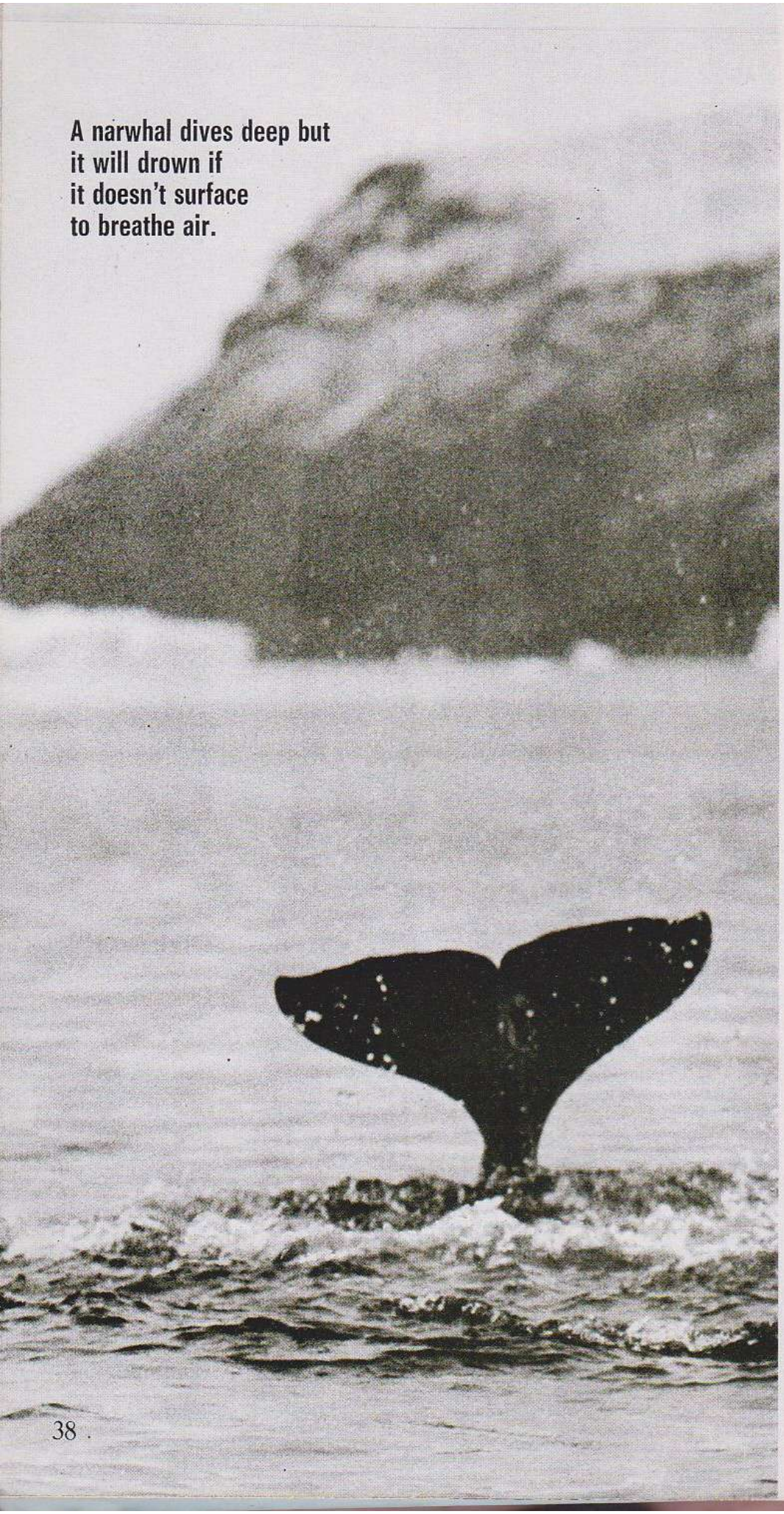
These whales are called narwhals (NAR-walls), and they live only near the North Pole, in the remotest regions of the arctic seas. They are rare animals. Scientists say there are only about 20,000 narwhals in the world.

Narwhals are small members of the whale family. They grow to be 4 to 5 meters (about 16 feet) long. A narwhal baby, which is called a calf, is 1.5 meters long. A newborn calf is dark slate blue. As it grows older, its color changes and becomes lighter. Its back remains dark, the sides are spotted black and white and the belly is grayish white.

Only the male grows a horn, which is really a giant, overgrown, left front tooth. It grows straight out through the narwhal's upper lip. It is spiraled and twisted like a corkscrew, and can be 3 meters long. This tooth (or *tusk*, as it is usually called) is hollow. The hollow center is filled with spongy pulp and nerves, just like your teeth. Occasionally someone sees a narwhal with a broken tusk with the end open and often inflamed. He may be suffering from a giant-size toothache!

Please turn the page

A creature from outer space? No . . . it's a whale with a giant tooth.



A narwhal dives deep but it will drown if it doesn't surface to breathe air.

What does the male narwhal do with his beautiful tusk? There are many theories. Do they use their tusks like swords to fight each other? Do they use them to poke holes in the polar ice? Probably not, because the tusks may break off if they're used as swords or giant icepicks.

Another theory is that the narwhals use their tusks to spear cuttlefish, squid and crustaceans—which they like to eat. If this is true, then catching food would be difficult for the females, who have no tusks. The most widely accepted theory is that a male uses his tusk in courtship display. But no one really knows for sure.

A few years ago, I lived for six months with the Eskimos of northwestern Greenland, the northernmost people in the world. Narwhals, which are more numerous in this region than anywhere else in the Arctic, are very important to these Eskimos. They hunt them in skin-covered boats called kayaks (KI-aks).

Narwhal meat and blubber are an important food for the Eskimos and their sled dogs. Eskimos also eat raw narwhal skin, called *muktuk*. You get most of the vitamins you need from fruit and vegetables, but Eskimos live in the far north, where there are no fruit or vege-

tables. They get vitamins by eating *muktuk*. A chunk of raw narwhal skin contains a lot of vitamin C—as much as a lemon or an orange. Raw muktuk is crunchy and tastes like hazelnuts. It is one of the greatest treats for Eskimo children.

The narwhal provides Eskimos with more than food. They dry its tendons to make a tough thread for sewing skin and fur clothing. And from the tusk they carve tools, hunting weapons and toys for their children.

In the summer, herds of narwhals swim underneath ice patches from one open area of water to the next, far into bays and fiords. They stay in the bays until solid sheets of ice begin to form in the fall. Then, since they are mammals and must surface every ten minutes or so to breathe, they have to leave the bays. They swim to Arctic Ocean areas which, because of strong currents, never freeze over, not even in the coldest winter.

Sometimes, though, a herd of narwhals gets trapped in a bay. A broad band of ice freezes across the bay's entrance. The ice is so wide that the narwhals can't hold their breath long enough to swim underneath it. They would drown before they reached the open sea beyond.

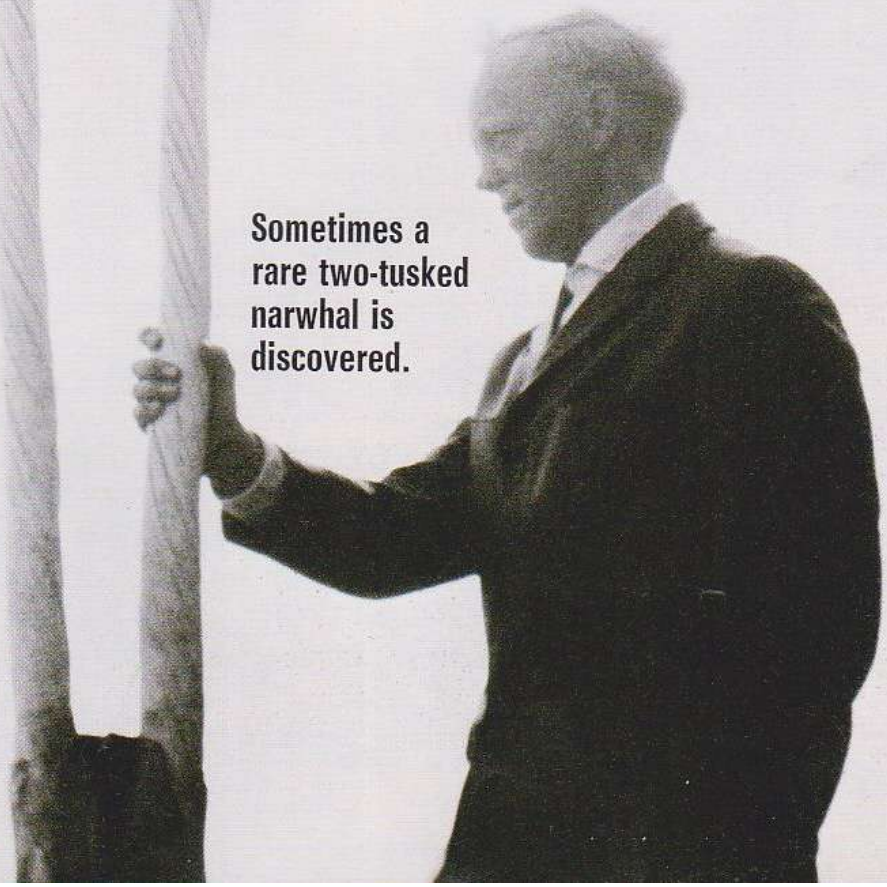
Every day, as it gets colder and colder, more ice covers the bay. Ice moves in on the narwhals from all sides. Finally there is only a small breathing hole of open water left.

For a long time, the splashing of the desperate narwhals prevents the hole from freezing over completely. But then it may become so cold that—no matter how much the narwhals splash and struggle—the hole freezes shut.

If the narwhals can't surface to breathe, they will die. But arctic ice shifts and strains, and sometimes a network of wide cracks crisscrosses it. When such a crack reaches the trapped narwhals, they can follow it and swim out again to the freedom of the open sea.

Free of the ice, the narwhals surface to breathe and exhale with a shrill whistle. When they swim fast, they lift their sleek, dark heads high above the surface. Then the tusks of the males flash in the sun as they surge forward—unicorns of the arctic.

The End



Sometimes a rare two-tusked narwhal is discovered.

WHO-O-O KNOWS?

by Wise Old Owl

Dear Wise Old Owl:
A friend told me that frogs sometimes fall from the sky. This sounds weird to me.
Marge Cooley, Nashville, TN

Weird, but true! It's called a "rain of frogs." This sometimes happens when a tornado scoops up frogs and little fish from a pond and dumps them on dry land miles and miles away.

Dear Wise Old Owl:
My dog really stinks because a skunk sprayed him. How can I get rid of the smell?
Sally Bingham, Age 8, Rancocas, NJ

Wash him with lots of tomato juice! For some reason, tomato juice gets rid of the odor. Experts say this works on children as well as pets. If I ever get in trouble with a skunk, I'll let you know if it works as well on owls.

Dear Wise Old Owl:
I found a roundish, pinkish thing about the size of a small seed. It was inside an oyster I found in a stream in Mississippi. Could it be a pearl? **Jamie Frye, Age 10, Rockport, MS**

It sure could be! An oyster makes a pearl when a grain of sand or a parasite gets inside its shell and irritates its body. The oyster covers the grain of sand with many layers of the smooth pearly substance that lines its shell.

The most beautiful—and valuable—pearls are found inside sea pearl oysters, which live in warm tropical seas. But pearls are also made by oysters that live in freshwater streams in the United States.

Back in Colonial days, pearl-hunting was a favorite hobby in streams, rivers and lakes in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But it's hard to find pearls today because pollution has killed most of the pearl-making oysters.

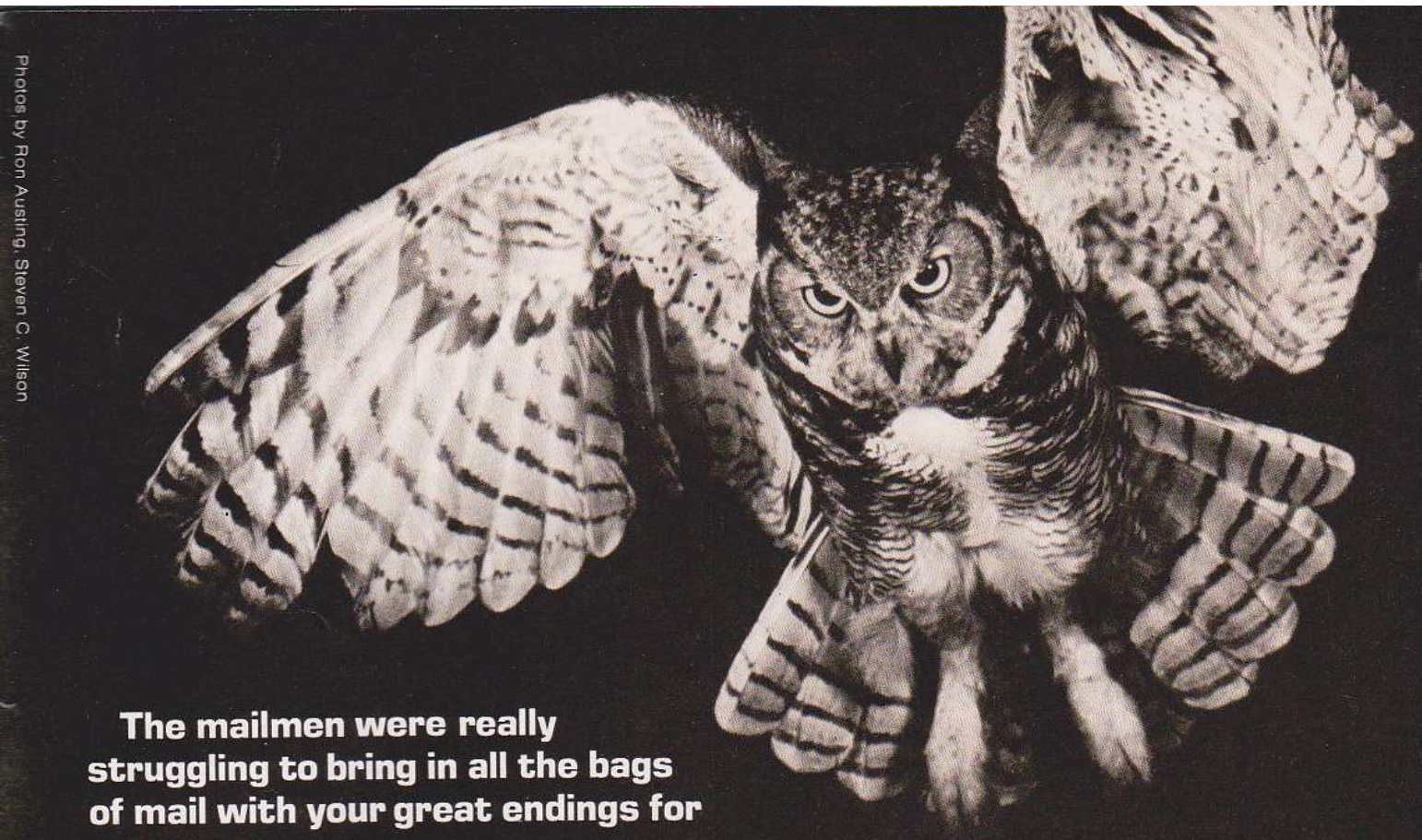
Your pearl isn't worth much money, but it is still a lucky find! It proves that oysters are still alive and well and making pearls in some unpolluted streams in the United States.

ANSWERS TO PAGES 26 & 27: 1 matches bottom photo, 2 matches top left; 3 matches top right

A word to the wise . . . about National Wildlife Week.

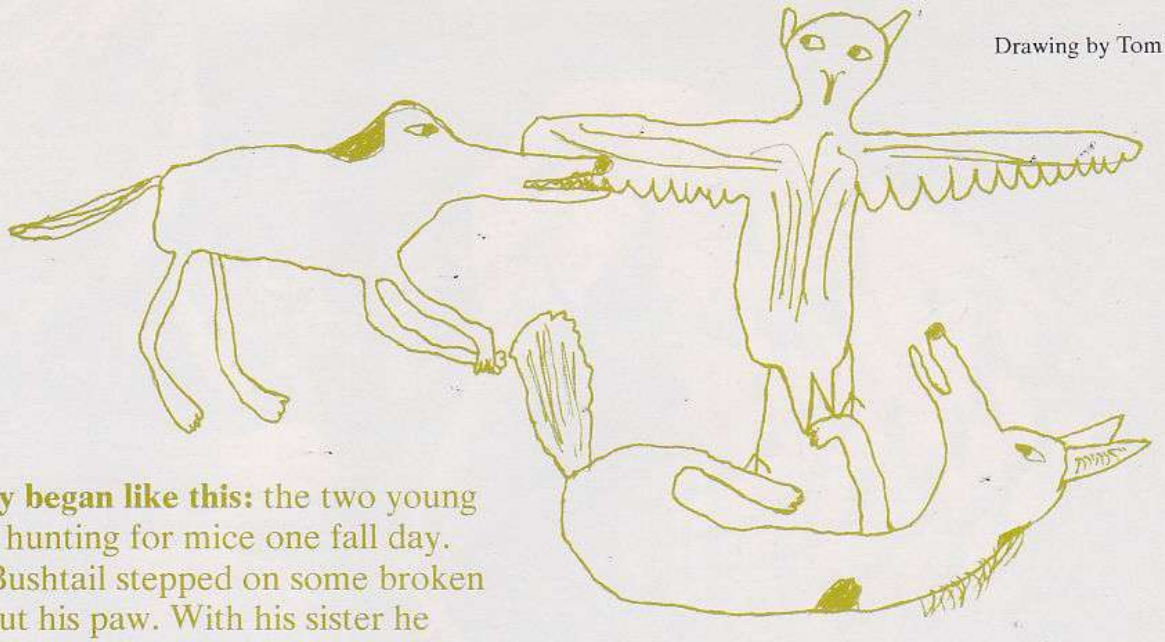
Now's the time to order a free kit to help celebrate National Wildlife Week (March 14-20). It contains a poster, patches, and a booklet of activities. Allow at least 6 weeks for delivery. Order your children's kit by sending your name and address on a postcard to Dept. C-76, National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036. (A teachers' and leaders' kit is available from Dept. T-76, at the same address.)

Photos by Ron Austing, Steven C. Wilson



The mailmen were really struggling to bring in all the bags of mail with your great endings for

Little Foot and Bushtail



Drawing by Tom Kehmeter

The story began like this: the two young foxes were hunting for mice one fall day. Suddenly Bushtail stepped on some broken glass and cut his paw. With his sister he started to limp back to their den. As night fell they heard the call of a great horned owl. Little Foot and Bushtail froze. Owls prey on young foxes! The owl was very close. Its yellow eyes gleamed in the moonlight. The foxes must get to safety! But they could only move slowly because of Bushtail's paw. Suddenly the owl changed its perch and moved closer to Little Foot and her brother.

We asked you what you thought happened to the young foxes. . . .

Little Foot and Bushtail crept through the dry brush. But the owl heard them and just as the owl almost caught Bushtail, another owl came screeching down. When the two owls saw each other they started fighting. Little Foot and Bushtail didn't wait to watch. They snuck through the tall grass and ran back to their den. Penny West, Lancaster, PA

They both ran under an old pine tree; when the owl tried to get them she hit the tree, fell to the ground and was injured and couldn't fly.

After that they both trotted back to the den all out of breath. Bushtail lay silently on the den floor while Little Foot went out to hunt some mice for them.

All of a sudden children found the foxes. They pulled the glass out of Bushtail's foot and bandaged it.

Then they went around and picked up all the broken bottles, trash and old nails so no more wild creatures would be hurt.

Dawn Shea, Englishtown, NJ

Little Foot moved closer to her brother, who was licking his throbbing paw. The owl hooted again, and then dove after Bushtail. He yelped in terror as he saw the owl's yellow eyes coming down upon him. Then, just as the owl would have hit Bushtail, Little Foot reacted. She bared her teeth and sprang upon the owl, snapping wildly. They collided, and both went sprawling in the tall grass. The owl quickly righted himself and spread his wings, clicking his beak savagely at the little fox. Little Foot lunged again, and this time the owl took a few floppy steps, flapped his wings and took off. Both pups watched it vanish into the night sky.

Annette Donohoe, E. Lansing, MI

As the big owl swoops down, Little Foot jumps up and gives him a sharp bite, bringing the owl to the ground. When they find out that he cannot fly, Bushtail wants to tease and torment the owl. But Little Foot advises him to come on home with her. So they both trot home feeling very proud of

themselves. Poor Mr. Owl has to walk all the way home and stays up all night wondering how he is going to get back up his tree.

Paul Todd, Atlanta, GA

The two foxes tried to move faster, but Bushtail's wounded paw slowed them down.

The owl was just about to swoop down on the foxes when a bullet whizzed past him. Farmer Meegan was shooting at him from across the field. The owl had been going after his ducklings and chicklets, and Farmer Meegan wanted to get rid of that troublemaker. The owl flew away quickly and the two foxes scurried safely to their den.

Jenny Hoegler, Palatine, IL

Piles of letters came from school classes, too. We're sharing some of them here.

One member of Mrs. D. Walker's Special Class in the Savona School, Savona, New York wrote:

The foxes' father went away and told the pups to be careful of owls. One day they saw the owl. Bushtail pretended he was dead so the owl wouldn't hurt him. Little Foot ran home to the den. Sally Louy

Katherine Rodgers' second graders at the Walker School in Concord, New Hampshire, sent in a number of endings to choose from. Here's one:

Then the owl saw another owl. He looked at the owl a long time. When the owl was looking at the other owl, Bushtail and Little Foot ran as fast as they could to their den. They were safe at last! David Simonella

From the Valley View School in Portland, Colorado, Mrs. Linda Ferreira sent in her second graders' endings. This one was written by Mary-Kate Penney:

The owl came closer and closer and just as it did the mother heard the screech of the owl. And the mother came running to her children and put them inside the den.

Third graders at the N.C. Schaeffer School in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, certainly were busy too:

Then the owl swooped down over Bushtail and snatched him up! Little Foot ran after her brother but it was too late! *Boo hoo.*

The next day Little Foot went hunting. She heard a yelp. Little Foot went over to see what it was. It was Bushtail! *Yeah!*

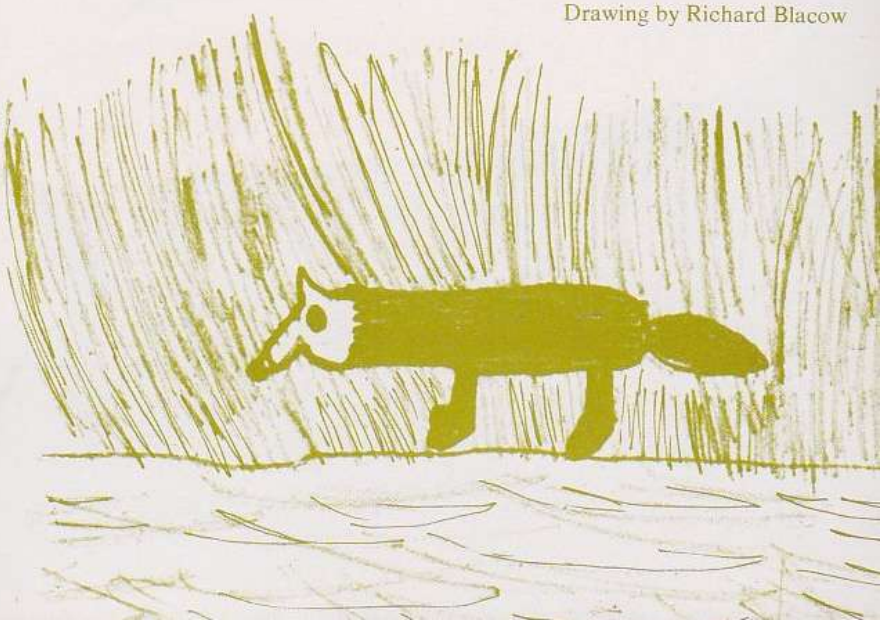
John Hill

Other third graders from the Bay Head School in Bay Head, New Jersey, kept us busy reading their endings. Lauren Crisman wrote this one:

Little Foot and Bushtail walked very slowly. Bushtail's foot was hurting very much. They were frightened indeed! The owl was following them. Bushtail said, "I can't walk any more." The owl was coming out of the tree. The foxes were very frightened. The owl popped out of the tree. Then they found out the owl was Charley the weak owl. Charley couldn't even hurt a fly.

Please turn the page

Drawing by Richard Blacow



Drawing by Megan Coffey

Students at a school in Cleves, Ohio, forgot to tell us the name of their school. But that's all right. We liked their endings. Here's one of them:

Little Foot and Bushtail froze. The big horned owl looked at them with his big beady eyes. Little Foot had to think fast. So she helped her brother on her back. She ran to their den for safety. Then they formed a clean-up crew and picked up all the litter in the forest. Lisa Adams

Mrs. W. L. Meyer's Second and Third Grade students at the Crockett Garden School, sent us this ending:

They were getting away. They saw a skunk and it sprayed them. The owl didn't like the smell and flew away.

The pups slowly crept away from the tree which the owl was in. They were in great danger! They heard another rustle in the grass beside them. They thought it was another enemy so they tiptoed away as slowly as the day before your birthday creeps along. But the predator kept creeping closer and closer. Finally Bushtail peeked. Do you know what he saw? Mother and Father with 5 reddish-brown pups!
Cynthia Gruber, Yorkville, IL

They could see his yellow eyes looking down on them. Just as the owl was going to swoop, a rabbit caught his eye. He knew it would be easier to catch so he flew off after it. Then they went into their den and slept.

Soon they were full grown. Little Foot mated with a fox named White Ear and Bushtail mated with a fox named Sneaker. Little Foot and White Ear had eight babies and Bushtail and Sneaker had one boy named Whiskers. And the same story happened again. Alison Trimble, Haddonfield, NJ

Little Foot and Bushtail were scared. The owl dived and trapped the two little foxes and said, "I won't hurt you! I don't have teeth! I'll give you a lift."

The owl took the two foxes home and they became good friends and lived happily ever after. Joey Mason

Little Foot had an idea. Bushtail would pretend to look helpless and attract the owl's attention while Little Foot would hide and pounce on the owl when it swooped down to get Bushtail and kill the owl. Little Foot's plan worked. That night they had owl for supper. Mark Gehringer, West Burlington, IO

As Little Foot and Bushtail scampered towards a hollow log, Bushtail slowed up. The owl came in for the kill. He struck Bushtail on the nose with his talons and sent Bushtail sprawling on the ground. With one last blow, the owl's talons killed Bushtail. As the great bird came down to feast, Little Foot dove for the forest and disappeared.
Jim Burns, Omaha, NB

They started running and as they ran they came upon a porcupine. They ran and found an empty rabbits' nest and hid there. Great horned owl forgot the foxes and went after the porcupine and all he got was a chin-full of whiskers. Kyle Burley, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

The End

egg carton critters

Photos by Robert L. Dunne

by Donna Sterman

Each of these animals (except for the hippo) can be made from one egg carton. The hippo needs two. After you've followed the directions for making these, try creating some of your own egg carton animals.

You'll need:

cardboard egg cartons (4" x 11" with solid lid)
scissors
white glue
colored paper
poster paints
stapler (optional)

To make the caterpillar:

- Cut out a strip of six connecting egg sections from the bottom of an egg carton.
- Cut out another strip of five connecting sections. Trim ¼" of cardboard from around this strip.
- Push the trimmed strip inside five of the sections of the first strip to form the caterpillar's body (see photo). If it doesn't fit, trim off a bit more. Put glue on both strips, push together and allow to dry.
- To make a mouth, cut the one remaining section from the carton. Trim it and glue at an angle inside the first section of the body strip.
- Paint your caterpillar and let it dry thoroughly.
- Cut out antennae from colored paper, curl around a pencil and glue in place. Add eyes and markings with paint or cut-out paper.

To make the turtle:

- Cut out a square of four connecting sections for its shell.
- Cut one section from the carton and trim to a slight point on one side for the turtle's head. Glue or staple this section to one side of the shell.
- Cut out another section and trim off ½". Glue it inside the head section at an angle to form the mouth.
- Cut out a tail from a leftover piece and staple or glue in place.
- To make the turtle's legs: Cut out two connecting egg sections for the front legs and two connecting sections for the back legs. Trim off about ¼" so that the leg sections will fit into the shell sections. Glue or staple them in place.
- Now your turtle is ready to be decorated. Look at some photographs of real turtles for ideas. Add the markings using paint or colored paper.

To make the owl:

- Cut off the lid of an egg carton. Cut the lid in half along the "half-dozen" line.
- Glue one half of the lid inside the other to form the owl's body (see photo).
- Cut out two egg sections and glue on for eyes.
- Cut out two more sections for claws and glue in place on the body.
- Paint your owl.
- Add ears and beak cut from colored paper.

To make the hippo:

The hippo is the most difficult, so you might want to save him for last.

- Cut the lids off two egg cartons. Cut them both in half along the "half-dozen" line.
- Glue two of the lid halves together to form the body (see photo).
- Glue or staple another lid half to the open end of the top section of the body to make a head. Attach it at an angle.
- Cut ½" off the remaining lid half and glue it inside the head to make the mouth.
- Cut out two egg sections, trim and glue on top of the head for eyes.
- Cut out a square of four connecting sections and glue to the bottom of the body for legs. If your hippo is a little tipsy, weight his back legs by putting small stones inside the sections.
- Paint, and add a tail, eyes and ears.

The End